

THE CRITIC

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The Lounger

IT is said that Mr. George Meredith is the most difficult man to interview in England. In fact I have heard it positively affirmed that he will not submit to the inquisitorial process of the interviewer. I dare say that he is difficult to approach for purposes of interviewing; at the same time I read two interviews with him at not very long intervals apart. One was perhaps a year ago, and was published in the *Manchester Guardian*; the other appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle* during the past month. The interviewer in the latter instance was Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, a writer who is attracting considerable attention on the other side. Mr. Meredith expressed himself freely and on a variety of subjects to the extent of three of the *Chronicle's* broad columns. In spite of the serious illness of last autumn, we are told that Mr. Meredith was stronger and in higher spirits than for some time past.

Since this last illness—he said to Mr. Nevinson—I have felt a peculiar disinclination for work of all kinds. The thought of taking up a pen is quite abhorrent. I am as receptive as ever. I read and enjoy hearing of new things. But my mind seems now as if it could not give out any more.

Then he continues in rather a pessimistic vein:

Besides, who really cares for what I say? The English people know nothing about me. There has always been something antipathetic between them and me. With book after book it was always the same outcry of censure and disapproval. The first time or two I minded it. Then I determined to disregard what people said altogether, and since that I have written only to please myself. But even if you could tell the world all I think, no one would listen.

Mr. Meredith then went on to discuss the Japanese, whom he describes as

artistic people full of invention; and the whole race feels a genuine love of nature—a sense of the beauty of landscape and flowers. The English people have little real love for nature. The highest English ideal of beauty in nature is the southerly wind and cloudy sky that proclaim it a hunting morning.

Nevertheless Mr. Meredith thinks that people are improving. "The whole world is improving—I am a little doubtful about the English race."

After a few remarks on the political situation, on the Church and the army, Mr. Meredith takes up literature and journalism. In the latter he is bothered by the "women's pages," with "their horrible fashion-plates and pictures of mincing, upholstered, and brainless creatures." He says that women do

not like these "women's pages" any more than men do:—

To the best of them it is an insolence, and the best of them are numerous! Women who want that sort of thing can get the papers that are specially written for them, with the kind of pictures that represent the kind of woman they want to be—the Lady's This or the Lady's That. As you know, there are many of them.

On the subject of criticism Mr. Meredith said:

Critics used to lay about them with a will. To be sure, it was rather a broadsword and bludgeon style. The English have never had the mastery of the rapier thrust that you see in any French critique. But now, I think, criticism is becoming almost too urbane. It is true the general level of literature has immensely improved. In my youth we had a few great names—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot. I think you have nothing to compare to them now in the front rank. But in the rank close behind the front your attainment is certainly much higher than anything we then possessed.

At the end of the interview Mr. Meredith apologized for talking too much, adding, "Since my deafness increased I have become more talkative because I cannot listen."



I wonder, by the way, why it is that so many English men of letters are hard of hearing. There are Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swinburne, and his friend, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who is similarly afflicted. Fortunately deafness does not interfere with a man's writing or talking. With tongue or pen these three writers can still hold their own, as is proven from time to time.

Only recently Mr. Swinburne gave us a striking article on his manner of work as a preface to the first volume of his collected poems and dramas. This preface is "a dedicatory epistle" to Theodore Watts-Dunton, and is a most interesting essay in criticism. In the course of this "epistle" Mr. Swinburne reminds us that it is thirty-six years since the storms of criticism, the lightning flashes represented by the late Robert Buchanan, beat upon his head. But those years are past and gone.

When a writer—he says—has nothing to regret, and nothing to recant, when he finds nothing that

he could wish to cancel, to alter, or to unsay in any page he has ever laid before his reader, he need not be seriously troubled by the inevitable consciousness that the work of his early youth is not and cannot be unnaturally unlike the work of a very young man.

Friends have helped him, enemies have not harmed him.

I can truly say with Shelley—he writes—that I have been fortunate in friendships. I might add if I cared, as he if he had cared might have added, that I have been no less fortunate in my enemies than in my friends; and this, though by comparison a matter of ineffable insignificance, can hardly be, to any rational and right-minded man, a matter of positive indifference. Rather should it always be a subject for thankfulness and self-congratulation, if a man can honestly and reasonably feel assured that his friends and foes alike have been always and almost at all points the very men he would have chosen, had choice and foresight allowed him, at the very outset of his career in life.

On the general subject of the literary life, Mr. Swinburne expresses his impatience with mediocrity:

The half-brained creature to whom books are other than living things, may see with the eyes of a bat, and draw with the fingers of a mole his dullard's distinction between books and life; those who live the fuller life of a higher animal than he, know that books are to poets as much part of that life as pictures are to painters, or as music is to musicians, dead matter though they may be to the spiritually still-born children of dirt and dulness who find it possible and natural to live while dead in heart and brain.



Messrs. Harper & Brothers are the fortunate publishers of the complete edition of Swinburne's works, of which this volume is the first. They have not, however, published the first volume by itself as the English publishers have done, but are waiting till later in the season when the entire edition will be ready for the market.



It is a curious thing that up to the present time there has been no complete and uniform edition of Swinburne's works. He has certainly had greater recognition as a poet than many of those whose complete works lie on the booksellers' shelves. Perhaps the fault is the publishers', perhaps it is his, for he may not have been in the mood to



MADAME REJANE

prepare his works for a final edition until now. At any rate we are glad to get them even at this late day, for, after all, if Swinburne is not the greatest English poet of modern times he is so much greater than any living poet that when he is in the foreground the others are lost to sight.



It is good news that Madame Rejane will be seen in New York during the fall. Madame Rejane comes under the

management of Messrs. Liebler & Co., and will open her season at the Lyric Theatre, in this city, on the 6th of November. She will bring her own company with her and will be seen in the parts that she has made famous. Madame Rejane is, in her line, the finest actress in France. She is the daughter of an actor and the niece of an actress. Madame Rejane has visited America before, but she was not as well known then as she is to-day and not appreciated as she will be during her coming visit.

A new novelist has been discovered by the Fleming H. Revell Co., who promises to run a close second to their earlier discovery, Ralph Connor. His name is Norman Duncan, and he writes stories of the sea, which have been praised by no less an authority than Mr. Frank Bullen. Mr. Duncan's stories have appeared in *Harper's*, *McClure's*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*. He is a Canadian by birth, but he has done most of his work in "the States." He worked as a journalist in Auburn, and later joined the staff of the *New York Evening Post*. Tiring of work in the cities, he spent three summers in Newfoundland and one in Labrador, and it is about the latter country that his new novel, "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," is written.



MR. C. W. STODDARD

That charming writer, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, will publish through Messrs. H. B. Turner & Co. "The Island of Tranquil Delights," which promises to be in the vein of his "South Sea Idyls," a book that has had the highest praise from the most distinguished writers; Mr. Howells going so far as to describe it as "The lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." Mr. Stoddard has written very little of late, owing to severe ill-

ness, but his publishers write me that he is in harness again ready for work.

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In the good old days, say ten or fifteen years ago, the publisher was the thing in the book world. He was the autocrat. The author trembled before him. His smile or his frown meant life or death to the cringing writer. Now all is changed. The author is the autocrat, the publisher trembles before him. He is overbearing, exacting, haughty, avaricious. The publisher is his slave, the author's foot is on his neck. Before his book is written the publisher must not only accept it, but he must pay a handsome sum in advance. The author's previous book may have proved successful, his next book may be a failure, as frequently happens, but the publisher must assume that it is going to be a success and pay accordingly. Case after case might be cited where the book following a success has been a failure, the author's gain being the publisher's loss. You would think that this would make the author less exacting the next time, but not a bit of it! he is as cocky as though he had made as much money for his publisher as for himself. It is not, however, only the popular authors who are cocky. A case in point is that of a clever English author whose books are much more discussed than sold. A publishing firm of age and reputation wrote to him that it would like to see the manuscript of his next book with an eye to publication, and this is the reply to its representative:

I assure you all the trouble in America has come from my foolishly allowing publishers to read "—," and use their own silly amateur judgments instead of insisting on my position as a writer and making them buy their pig in a poke. What on earth is the use of telling ME that a publisher will be happy to consider, etc., etc.? He will do that for any schoolboy who asks may he send in a MS. Among authors of established reputation it is a perfectly well understood form of refusal—the polite equivalent of the "declined with thanks," which is offered to the impossible stranger. If Messrs. — were in earnest about my next book, they would offer me so many dollars down to secure it. Their "consideration" is at everybody's service.



MR. NORMAN DUNCAN



MISS FRENCH'S COTTAGE AT PIERREFONDS

This clever but unbusinesslike author does not stop to consider that the publisher has something at stake as well as he. Why should publishers be the only men expected to buy "a pig in a poke"? Would a builder say, "You are not to see the plans of the house I propose to build you; you must consider my reputation, pay in advance, and take what I give"? Would a painter expect a picture dealer to say, "Paint me a picture, here's the cheque; any old thing will do"? Not a bit of it! Only the publisher is expected to plunge into the dark and pay high for his temerity.



The London *Daily Chronicle* in a long and flattering review of "The Jessica Letters" says, "It is an exquisite little book and rumor assigns it to Miss Jeannette Gilder." Miss Gilder, while flattered by this rumor, authorizes me to say that she is not the author of "The Jessica Letters," nor of the "English Woman's Love Letters," nor of "The Letters Which Never Reached Him."



Miss Lillie Hamilton French is spending the summer in her cottage at

Pierrefonds, in the Department of Oise, France. Miss French bought this little place some time ago and spends her summers there putting into practical illustration the title of her forthcoming book, "The Joy of Living." The famous *château* of the Orleans family is at Pierrefonds, but Miss French does not envy it; she much prefers her cottage as a place of summer residence.



One of the most interesting announcements of the fall is that by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of the Autobiography of Mr. Moncure D. Conway. The readers of *THE CRITIC* have had a foretaste of what Mr. Conway's Autobiography will be like in his contributions to the Emerson and Hawthorne numbers of this magazine. Mr. Conway during his long and active life has been personally acquainted with a host of great writers and famous men on both sides of the water. One of the most interesting chapters in his book will be devoted to his Bedford Park days—not the Bedford Park, a suburb of New York, but the Bedford Park that is a suburb of London, where a colony of artists and writers live in some of the most picturesque houses in England.



MISS LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

A correspondent writes: "In turning the leaves of one of the six volumes of 'A Collection of Poems by Several Hands,' London, 1758, I chanced upon this very good imitation of Hamlet's soliloquy, which may interest your readers:

" 'To print, or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 't is better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchetts of outrageous Fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt

No more ; and by one act to say we end
The head-ache, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling frenzy—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the
rub—

For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,

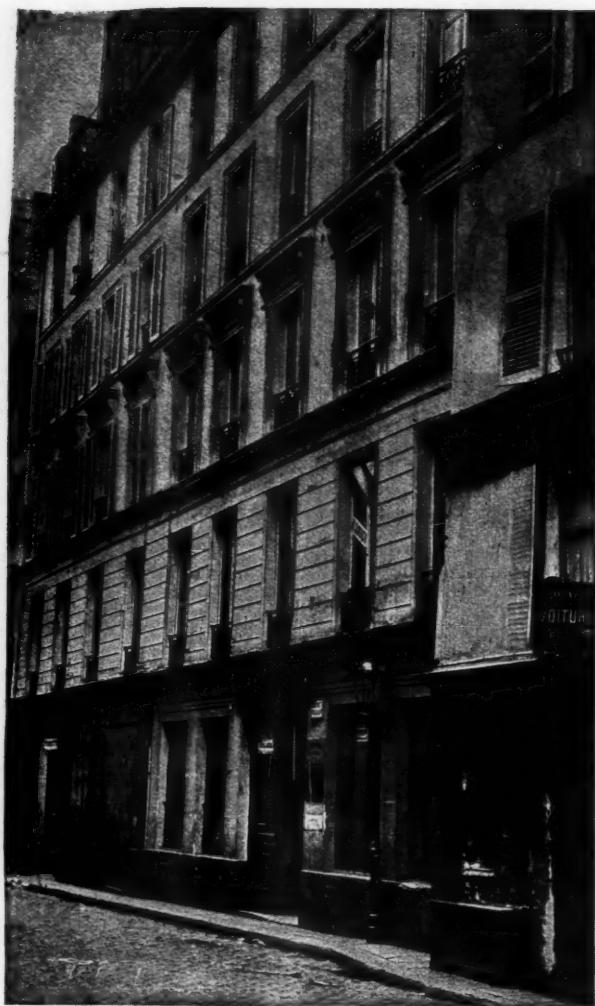


Photo by A. Waser

Courtesy of Mr. John Lane

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ÉMILE ZOLA, 10 RUE ST. JOSEPH, PARIS

When as himself might his quietus make
 With a bare ink-horn? Who would fardles bear?
 To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
 But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
 That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
 Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
 Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd?
 Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
 And thus the healthful face of many a poem
 Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
 And enterprizers of great fire and spirit,

With regard from Dodsley turn away,
 And lose the name of Authors.'

"The Imitation was written by Mr. Jago, other of whose contributions in the same volume are 'Verses to William Shenstone, Esq.,' 'On Receiving a Gilt Pocket-Book, 1751,' 'The Swallows,' and 'The Scavengers: a Town Eclogue. In the manner of Swift,'—an evidence that the author was clever at parodies."



Photo by V. R. Vizetelly

Courtesy of Mr. John Lane

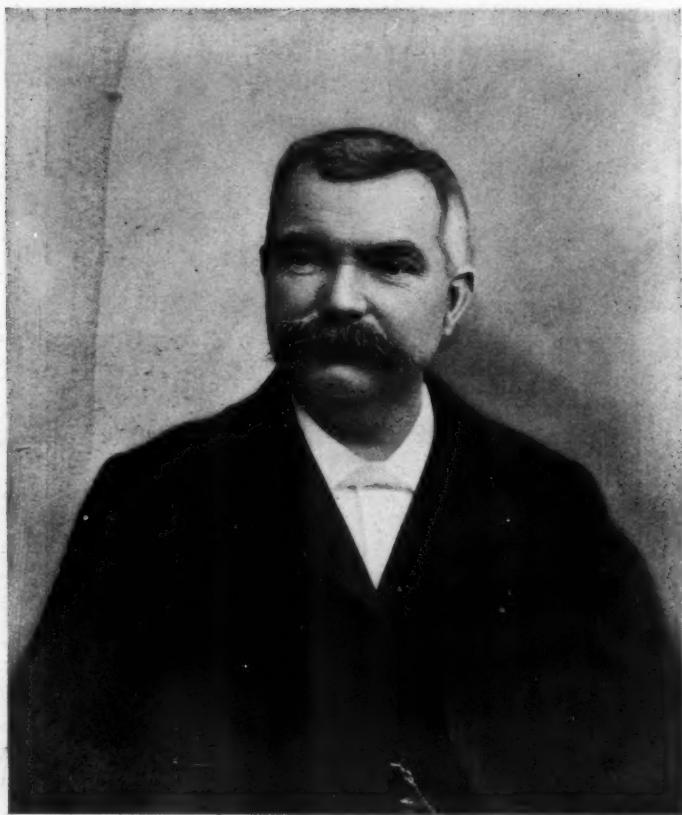
ÉMILE ZOLA WRITING "FÉCONDITÉ" AT WALTON-ON-THAMES, 1898

An authorized life of the late Émile Zola is published by Mr. John Lane. It is written by the novelist's friend and translator, Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly. The book is biographical and critical and treats not only of M. Zola, but of his friends and his enemies as well. There is much of the novelist's table-talk reported and copious extracts from his letters are given.



Mr. George C. Tyler must feel very well pleased with himself over the success of Mr. Zangwill as a playwright. Before Mr. Zangwill had ever written a play Mr. Tyler believed that he had the makings of a playwright in him, and got him to make a dramatization

of his "Children of the Ghetto." Mr. Zangwill wrote a most interesting play, which Mr. Tyler produced at great expense. Mr. Zangwill had not yet found himself, the play had not the elements of popularity, and Mr. Tyler's firm, Messrs. Liebler & Co., lost many thousands of dollars. But they were not discouraged, and some time after the production of "Children of the Ghetto" Mr. Tyler got Mr. Zangwill to write a one-act play for Mrs. Le Moyne called "The Never, Never Land." In this play, as well as the first one, it was easy to see that Mr. Zangwill had the stuff in him, but had not yet learned to use it for stage purposes. Again Mr. Tyler was not discouraged. Now his belief in Mr. Zangwill has been vin-



REV. CHARLES WAGNER

dicated by the remarkable success of "Merely Mary Ann," which puts Mr. Zangwill in the front rank of modern playwrights. I understand that Mr. Daniel Frohman has contracted with him for a dramatization of "The Serio-Comic Governess," and that Mr. Charles Frohman is negotiating with him for a new play.



Charles Wagner, who is to make a lecturing tour in America the coming fall and winter, under the management of the J. B. Pond Lecture Bureau, is less of a celebrity in France than in America; partly, perhaps, because the Frenchman takes less kindly to books of moral exhortation than the American, but, primarily, because (as M.

Wagner himself good-naturedly admits) he has not had, in his own country, the advantage of a boom corresponding to the boom given him by President Roosevelt in America. Nine out of ten of the general French reading public never heard of him, and in distinctively literary circles the proportion able to locate him would be, I fancy, even less. His volumes are very little in evidence on the bookstalls, and his photograph is exceedingly difficult to find. His constituency is limited mainly to introspective persons with troubled consciences, an element that is never large in objective France. M. Wagner's French publishers are making no end of legitimate capital out of President Roosevelt's friendship for M. Wagner, and they look for a decided

increase in the latter's French popularity once he has been received at the White House; with the more reason that the French interest in President Roosevelt himself and in his writings is just now at fever heat.

Of M. Wagner's ten volumes ("Justice," "Jeunesse," "Vaiillance," "La Vie Simple," "Auprès du Foyer," "L'Evangile et la Vie," "Sois un Homme," "L'Âme des Choses," "Le Long du Chemin," and "L'Ami"), "Jeunesse," which appeared at a time when young Frenchmen were particularly in need of heartening, has had far and away the largest sale and the largest influence. "Vaiillance," also, was for a time much in favor with a certain portion of the student body.

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M. Wagner is the pastor of a liberal religious society which worships at present in an unpretentious hall of the Bastille district, but which is soon to be provided with a commodious church building nearer the centre of Paris—to be called "Le Foyer de l'Âme." Though admitting his Protestantism, M. Wagner is without denominational affiliations. He insists on absolute liberty of thought and speech for himself and positively refuses to adopt a sectarian label. He prides himself on being on the best of terms with Jews, Catholics, and Freethinkers, and cooperates actively with them in movements for social betterment. If his relations with the majority of his fellow-Protestants are somewhat less cordial, the fault is not on his side. "As to personality," writes a correspondent in Paris, "he belongs to that admirable class of men who are best described as 'diamonds in the rough.' He is a tall, thick-set fellow, a little past middle life, with bristling, aggressive gray hair and moustache, and a round, rubicund face rather German than French in aspect. He has a decidedly brusque, not to say peremptory, manner. This is due, doubtless, not to an autocratic disposition, but to the modern nervousness he deplores so constantly in his writings; for he shows himself exceed-

ingly amiable, considerate, and sympathetic at close range, and his intimate conversation is replete with gentleness and good cheer.

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It is not fair to describe Mr. Cale Young Rice as the husband of the creator of "Mrs. Wiggs." Mr. Rice, although just turned thirty, has made an enviable reputation for himself as a poet. He graduated from Harvard in 1896, and was offered a professorship



MR. CALE YOUNG RICE

in Cumberland University on the day of his graduation. He preferred, however, to devote himself to poetry, and has contributed to the leading magazines, besides publishing several volumes of verse. His preference seems to be for dramatic poetry, his latest and most pretentious work in this line being "David," a biblical drama, published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. The play is in four acts and deals with the early life of "The Sweet Singer in Israel." It is said that Mr. Rice has hopes of having his



FLORENCE WILKINSON

play produced by Mr. Sothern. This is not the only play founded on the life of King David which has appealed to Mr. Sothern. Miss Florence Wilkinson's dramatic poem on the same subject, issued, by the way, by the same publishers, was read by Mr. Sothern before its publication, and it pleased him so well that he entered into negotiations with the author for its production. In the meantime, however, Mr. Sothern has signed a contract for three years of Shakespeare, so it will be some time before we see him as the King of Israel.



The new collection of letters written by Queen Victoria will be published

late in the fall by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. They touch upon a great variety of subjects, and will fill three stout volumes. The general title will be "The Letters of Queen Victoria," and they will be edited by Mrs. A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. The correspondence covers the period from Her Majesty's accession to the year 1861.



In the June number of *THE CRITIC* there was an article about Mark Twain in Italy, in which appeared a portrait of Miss Jean Clemens on her white Italian saddle-horse. This is the horse that was killed under her by a trolley-car at Lee, Mass., last month. It was a



THE HOUSE AT TYRINGHAM, MASS., WHERE MARK TWAIN
IS SPENDING THE SUMMER

beautiful animal, but high strung, and the appearance of the trolley-car coming swiftly down the road at night caused it to rear and plunge and finally throw itself in front of the head-light. It was killed instantly. Miss Clemens's escape from death was little short of miraculous.

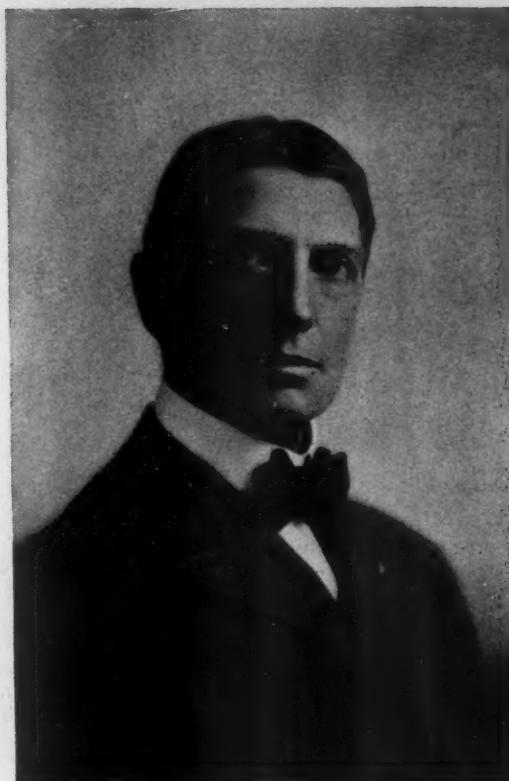


The serial, "Our Best Society," now running through the pages of *THE CRITIC*, has attracted the wide attention that was expected. The readers of this magazine recognize that an unusually clever story is being published for their benefit, and they also recognize that the author has an intimate acquaintance with the social and artistic phases of New York life and is working in a rich vein of humor. The story is being eagerly read by old subscribers and new ones who have been attracted to *THE CRITIC* on account of it. Its hold upon the reader is far-reaching. A lady writes from Spain: "Do not fail to send me extra copies of the June and July *CRITIC*. Mine have gone astray. I am reading the serial, 'Our Best Society,' and cannot bear to lose a chapter."

The astute critic of a leading newspaper writes that the story is written by Mr. Howells or the Devil. I am betraying no editorial confidence when I say that the story is not written by the latter.



Dr. Henry Van Dyke is having a fine time abroad. He has just been discovered by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who, as Claudio Clear, gives him three columns and a half of compliment in the *British Weekly*. Dr. Nicoll entertained Dr. Van Dyke at luncheon in London, and among the guests present were Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Max Beerbohm. Dr. Van Dyke left London for a visit to Mr. Carnegie, at Skibo Castle. Dr. Van Dyke has long been an intimate friend of Mr. Carnegie, of whose intellectuality he has the highest opinion. He says that Mr. Carnegie is more at home in Shakespeare than any other man he knows. After his visit at Skibo Castle, Dr. Van Dyke goes for a visit to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and to Killarney to spend some time with Professor Butcher. He returns to America during the present month.



JAMES CARLETON YOUNG
(See page 221)

It is said that Messrs. Macmillan have taken over the publication of W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads"! This means a new lease of life to one of the cleverest books of its kind ever written. There is no earthly reason why the "Bab Ballads" should not be as familiar to readers of to-day as to readers of a quarter of a century ago. Their satire is just as keen, their humor just as exquisite now as it was then.

Mr. Henry James has just finished a new novel called "The Golden Bowl." The plot is said to deal with "complications gathered around a trio of Americans who have embraced a European life, and who are exposed thereby to unfamiliar dangers and confronted with difficult questions." With every novel that Mr. James writes I look for a re-

turn to his earlier manner. What would not I and his many other admirers give for the James of "A Passionate Pilgrim," "The Bostonians," and "Washington Square"! The James of "What Maisie Knew," of "The Sacred Fount," and "The Wings of the Dove" is not the better James—the James of old.

In her forthcoming volume of reminiscences, to be published in the fall by Messrs. James Pott & Co., the Princess Radziwill—whose reminiscences of her aunt, Mme. Hanska, afterwards Mme. de Balzac, will be found in this number of *THE CRITIC*—tells an entertaining story of the first meeting of the younger Dumas with his future wife.

In the summer of 1885 we went to Dieppe, and whilst there saw a good deal of Lord and Lady

Salisbury, who had a châtelet at Puys, as well as of Alexandre Dumas, who also had a little villa there, about half an hour's distance from Dieppe. Madame Narischkine, for this was the name of the lady who had become the wife of the famous dramatist, was, I believe, distantly related to my father's first wife. I am certain, at least, that she was a great friend of his, and that when she started for Paris he gave her a letter to his sister, Mme. Jules Lacroix. My aunt, always glad to make new acquaintances, welcomed Madame Narischkine, then a young and pretty widow, most effusively, and they saw a good deal of each other. One day she invited her to dinner, and among the guests was young Dumas. When her Russian friend was gone, my aunt asked him what he thought of her, to which he replied, "Elle me plait, car je crois qu'elle a tous les vices." A few weeks passed after this remark was made, and my aunt began to wonder that neither Madame Narischkine nor Dumas came any more to see her, when she was one morning startled by hearing they had just been married to one another. The curious part of the story is that they never came to see my aunt afterwards, nor made any attempt to approach her. Was it shame or self-consciousness that kept them apart? It is not for me to say so, but the facts occurred exactly as I have related them.

When I made her acquaintance, Madame Dumas was quite an old woman, and the picture of untidiness, going about in most terrible wrappers, with all the buttons and hooks missing, and her hair curled in dirty little rags of paper, which gave her a most funny, and certainly not attractive, appearance. But her manner was charming, and her conversation most amusing. As for Dumas himself, he was, of course, one of the most delightful men in Paris, and I do not think I ever met one who was more entertaining, in spite of the paradoxes with which his talk abounded. We used to see that agreeable couple very often, and I remember one day that I was returning to Dieppe, Dumas accompanied me part of the way, and we stopped near a stile on the road, and started an argument, which, I believe, lasted fully more than an hour, to the stupefaction of the passers-by, who, I am sure, must have been wondering to see us talking like that on the road. The subject of our talk was, I remember it well, the famous "Visite de Noces," one of Dumas's best pieces, and certainly the one he liked best himself, and I only wish I could repeat here his long dissertation on the different causes which lead women into breaking the seventh commandment, and the inevitable regret they experience afterwards. I might, though, have replied that his case was one in which his own words could be quoted—"Do what I tell you, and not what I do."

Lady Salisbury also enjoyed very much Dumas's conversations, and the brilliancy with which he conducted any kind of discussion. Her intelligent mind, perhaps even more remarkable than was his own, knew how to appreciate the flashes of genius, which appeared under all his paradoxes. Just as witty, and with more earnestness in her character than the French dramatist, she was exactly the kind of person to bring out his best points, and it was certainly a great treat to hear them discuss any subject together.

The richest private collection of books and manuscripts in America has been augmented by the acquisition of a unique bit of Napoleoniana—to wit, the diary kept by Dr. O'Meara, which formed the basis of his "Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena," a book so notable that when it first appeared, in 1822, the police had to be called in to protect the offices of the London publisher from the crowd that clamored for early copies of the work. Copious extracts from this journal were printed in the *Century Magazine* early in the year 1900; and the learned Lord Acton, meeting the editor in England soon afterwards, congratulated him on having made so interesting a "find."

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The manuscript consists of nineteen little leather-covered books, such as butchers and grocers keep their customers' accounts in, and twenty-nine detached sheets of larger size. The price at which this literary and historic treasure changed hands is not disclosed, but for some years past it has been insured for \$5000, and, enclosed in an asbestos wrapping, tied with an asbestos string, has been kept in a fire-proof safe in this city. Until last month it had remained in the possession of the family of Joseph Bonaparte's private secretary, Mr. Louis Mailliard. Mr. Mailliard's son Adolphe removed from Bordentown, N.J., to California, nearly forty years ago, taking this journal with him. His estate in California is described as the San Rosario Ranche, in the romance of that name written by his wife's niece, Mrs. John Elliott, a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Mailliard was the aunt also of Mr. F. Marion Crawford.

The Infant Industry

By H. LYON

AMONG the sundry other things which scribes turn to account,
Child-nature is a subject which is lately paramount.

The cunning adult mind
In the babe delights to find
Such psychologic mysteries beneath the cranium-rind!
(It almost makes the reader smile—
This research so void of guile.)

We get the utterances of the babe hot off the bat,
For the writer recollects just how when younger he said that;
And so, magnanimous,
He raves off for us
A true delineation of the funny little cuss.
(In which the prattling babe affects
Numerous hand-made dialects.)

We get Real Diaries of boys who 'd nothing else to do,
And cryptic orphic things are thought by little Looty Lou.
The old "proud-father" gag
Long ago began to lag
Far behind the exploitations of our darling Emmy Mag.
(It ought to make the children wild
To hear that "man is *but* a child.")

Yes, the Literature Department Store has a nursery section, too,
Displaying child-life really real and genuinely true;
But doubtless the boy can see
In grown-up humanity
Things far more entertaining to the likes of you and me!
(Well, though each scribbler catch the trick,
Small profit if the sales are quick.)

A Unique Library

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

OF the making of collections there is no end, and many collectors are a weariness to the flesh. Nothing seems to be too useless, too foolish, too futile to escape the notice of some eager faddist. A faddist is one who adopts and pursues a trivial fancy with irrational zeal and no common sense. The freak collector has an excellent excuse to put forth. If nothing else, he can urge that he is advancing the sum of human knowledge by increasing his own, or—but since for every collection there is an alleged reason, the excuses are like the devils mentioned in Scripture—legion in number and almost as bad in quality!

Not every collection or every collector, however, falls under this sweeping ban. On the contrary, there are those whose collections add to the stock of public pleasure, and that without invoking the harmless gaiety of nations. And there are collectors who should be held in honor by their fellow men. Indeed their collections, if they be not eventually dispersed, will conduce to this very end, for by their works shall they be remembered.

Now the collection of books is infinitely more noble than the collection of tobacco tags, let us say; although I have but little sympathy with the collectors of first editions only. I cannot conceive that a first edition is intrinsically any more desirable than any other edition of a book; indeed it is usually distinguished only by its imperfections, which have been corrected in subsequent impressions. First editions are valuable simply for their rarity. If we apply the canon of common sense we will see that usefulness and beauty must be conjoined to scarcity to make the effort really worth while—and of these three qualities the least is rarity.

Books are about the commonest things in life, also the cheapest. The world is deluged with printed matter, and there is so much of it printed largely that even he who runs may

read. The ordinary book collector, therefore, after he has exhausted the possibilities of luxurious format and limited edition must fall back on first impressions to give a fictitious distinction to his collection. But the subject of this paper is not an ordinary book collector. He is a man of ideas. There are many men of ideas, but few of them there be who have those other qualities necessary to put their ideas into practical operation. Such a man is James Carleton Young of Minneapolis, Minnesota, collector of books—yes, first editions, if you must know it, but escaping my word of censure because the fact that his collection contains practically only first editions is of little consequence, the least important feature of it from my point of view.

In order to understand his collection some knowledge of the collector is indispensable. James Carleton Young is put down in "Who's Who" as a capitalist and a bibliophile. Oh, rare combination! There are many of us who are called to be bibliophiles, but few are chosen as capitalists! Lucky Young! However, he made it all himself and as a collector he needs it. I do not mean the reader to infer that this collector is one who buys ten-thousand-dollar editions of standard authors because he has the money to do so—if he has. Not at all. No such—shall I say ostentation?—characterizes his methods or his results. Such collections lie entirely outside of his purview. *Laus Deo!* To come back to his personal history, as time goes out West, he is a young man in years as well as in name. He is entirely an Occidental product; born in Iowa, graduated from a fresh-water college, lives in the West, loves it, and is proud of it. In short, he is thoroughly lanate as distinguished from the effete Atlantic seaboard. Every one who knows him likes him—at least I do, and I have not yet found anybody who did not.

When he was somewhat younger than he is now, being no less of a bib-

liophile but considerably less of a capitalist, he travelled abroad. Standing on the steps of the Acropolis at Athens one beautiful spring day, he received an inspiration. Other people have had similar experiences but not similar inspirations. Certainly no better or more likely place could be discovered for the furnishing of such an unique inspiration either. I am only surprised that some one did not think of it before. Perhaps some one did, but if so the thought died "a-bornin'." In his case it lived.

Let him tell it in his own words:

What a pity, I thought, that the wonderful sculptures of ancient Greece are scattered over all Europe. The Elgin marbles are in London; the Vatican, the Louvre, the palaces of Florence, and many other places hold those wonderful treasures. How glorious it would be for struggling Greece if, in her beautiful and historic capital, Athens, one building contained all those priceless creations of marble. If they were housed in a wonderful temple modelled after the Parthenon, what countless thousands would journey to view them! What wealth they would bring to the land!

Then I thought of that other greater art, the one most glorious of all—Literature. Then and there I made a resolve that I would devote my life to forming a library, which would be the most adequate tribute I could make to the Art of Literature. I proposed to place under one roof, in the beautiful city of Minneapolis, which I love, all the best books of the living writers of every country in the world, no matter in what language written. Each volume was to be inscribed by the author in a characteristic manner. If the writer were a poet, it would be desirable to have a poem written on the fly-leaf. A novelist should write of the manner he conceived his plot, or concerning the principal characters of his romance; an historian, something of the history he related; a biographer, of the life of his subject; a traveler, of the lands he visited; a theologian, of the religion he advocated; a philosopher or scientist, of the facts or theories he had promulgated.

In a general way, something should be written about the book or concerning it, so that it became at once unique, and had attached to it forever the personality of the author. In every case the inscription should be signed and dated. Such should be the composition of my library.

To the carrying out of that dream the best part of the life of this energetic man of affairs—if you could see him in

his busy farm land office at Minneapolis, for instance, you would forget the bibliophile for the moment—has been devoted with an ungrudging expenditure of talent, time, and money. He has written thousands of letters personally with his own hand every year for the last decade and a half—five thousand last year by actual count! I urged upon him the use of the secretary and the typewriter, but in vain. However, he has several competent assistants who do nothing but attend to the detail work of the rapidly growing library. Since correspondence is carried on in all sorts and conditions of languages, a number of linguists are retained for translation, although Mr. Young has acquired a dazzling fluency in several modern languages while engaged in this work.

The method of procedure is this: As fast as books which are considered worthy of inclusion in the great collection appear, the author is communicated with by one of those irresistible letters; his permission is gained, and the books are expressed to him—or her, as the case may be. When he unwraps them he finds them enclosed in another wrapper with prepaid postage or instructions as to return expressage. All that the author has to do is to write in the books and enclose them in the new wrapper or specially prepared carrying case, if there are a number of books in the package, and send them back. It is autograph giving made easy.

If the collector has written many letters to authors, he has also received many from them. Sometimes these letters follow an interesting sequence; antagonistic, argumentative, and finally acquiescent in and approving of the unique plan. The correspondence reveals the growth of the idea in the minds of the authors themselves. For instance, a first request frequently would be met with a prompt refusal. A second, with an indignant outburst. But tactful and courteous persistence—naturally this collector has acquired a superabundance of those qualities in addition to his innate supply—overcame antagonism, and finally permis-

sion to send one book would be received. The one book would open the way for another. The author would be landed and thereafter an advocate of the scheme! By and by an author would himself call attention to books he had written which had not been forwarded to him. He would be interested in having a complete collection of his works in the library.

Most authors acceded at once, but even the recalcitrant have been won over, and there remain now less than twenty of the great writers of the world who have persistently refused to comply with the request and who remain unalterably opposed to the plan. One has refused because he hates America; several because they do not have personal acquaintance with Mr. Young. One, because he desires to be unique among authors by never obliging anybody! Another writes a three-page letter saying that he is too busy. Another, widely known for his egotism, does not desire to have his books placed among the others of the world. He wants to flock by himself, as it were.

The crank, the freak, the genius whose abnormality has carried him across that line of demarcation between sanity and insanity, which the great often so nearly approach, also fill the mails with impossible propositions and absurd suggestions. But it has to be a very objectionable specimen indeed that does not get a gentle and courteous letter from this collector. All collectors ought to be kind to cranks, anyway, if the popular idea of both is to obtain!

The correspondence has not been without its humorous aspects, too. A foreign author promptly acceded to the request, wrote a very cordial letter, and after he had inscribed the books and sent them back, he accompanied them with a manuscript volume of verse which he suggested that Mr. Young should publish at his own expense for the honor involved, and allow the author to distribute the book among his own friends! Another foreigner sent him the dedication of a book which he was about to publish, stating in case he carried out his idea he should expect

an honorarium of ten thousand francs. Various decorations have been offered this collector, ostensibly for the work he has done and is doing, for the glory of literature, really for American dollars. All of these have been respectfully declined.

In fire-proof vaults in Minneapolis, and in fact in similar receptacles in many of the great capitals of the world, the treasures of this collection are stored temporarily. To open one of these vaults at random and inspect the contents is a delight to the soul. Books beautifully inscribed,* sometimes copiously annotated by authors and enriched by original drawings by their illustrators, original manuscripts of famous works, signed photographs, autograph letters, already of priceless value and destined to increase with every passing year, meet the observer on every hand. Some authors have preserved and sent all stages of a book, notes, rough drafts, finished manuscript, proofs, galley and page, showing corrections, etc., so that from them it is possible to follow the whole course of the book from its incipiency to its completion.

Nor, as has been indicated, is the vast collection merely inclusive of America. Every land that has a literature is represented. For instance, there are inscribed books and manuscripts from every member of the French Academy who has lived since the collection was begun. The autograph letters, of which there are over twenty thousand, many of them of great length and peculiar interest, alone would distinguish this collection. It is a democratic assemblage, too, kings and queens, princes and potentates, prelates and peasants, are represented in this true republic of letters.

In addition to securing autographed copies of books by authors who have lived since the work began, the book-stalls of the world have been searched by capable agents, and several thousand volumes previously inscribed by authors who are now dead have been added to complete the collection. Among them are fifty inscribed copies from the two

*All inscriptions are written in the books themselves, nothing is pasted. The books are left in their original bindings, too, as being more valuable in that condition than when especially and uniformly bound.

Dumas and Victor Hugo; many of De Maupassant, Balzac, Renan, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, and many others from all over the world.

As an instance of how the library grows, Mr. Young purchased eight hundred and forty-seven volumes from the library of Émile Zola, after his decease, all of which had been especially inscribed for Zola by intimate friends, some of them being unique copies especially printed for him. The autograph letters include over one hundred by Zola bearing upon his desire to enter the French Academy, which was never gratified.

A notable feature of the collection is manuscript copies of the works of Elisabeth, the gifted and beautiful Queen of Roumania, who writes under the *nom de guerre* of Carmen Sylva. Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," not only beautifully inscribed his books but made characteristic sketches on the margins of them. The library includes the largest and most complete collection of manuscripts, letters, and memorabilia of the beloved Eugene Field.

Some of its treasures have a peculiar interest, as, for example, one of the greatest living historians of the world has written a prophecy in his most famous book, the history of a European country. This book has been sealed and added to the library with the stipulation that it shall not be opened and its inscription made public until after the author's death. In this inscription he predicts that in twenty-five years one of the greatest nations of Europe, now a first-class power, will fall utterly and lose its wealth and glory and its present commanding position among the nations. He gives in detail in the most logical and convincing manner, in three closely written pages, his reasons for the prediction. There are a number of other books which have been inscribed under similar conditions. Indeed when the time comes that this collection may be opened to the world it will be found to contain a number of surprising things which it would be a breach of confidence even to indicate further.

These instances, which I have taken at random, will serve to show the scope and value of this library. It is not one among many, it is the only one in the world of the kind — and we of the United States have it; like the man first on the ground on the resurrection morning!

No one man, however widely read, however industrious, could possibly determine what was best in the several literatures of the various nations of the world—for be it understood only the *best*, the cream of the present, goes into that collection. Therefore committees of prominent *littérateurs* of the different nations, little Academies, as it were, have been constituted, and the literature of a country is passed under their eyes before a decision as to worthiness is reached. In our own country many men of fine literary taste have given their advice as it has been asked. Indeed the work in one sense has grown beyond the compass of any one man, yet it is nevertheless true that the final decision in every case rests with the man whose genius conceived the enterprise and whose energy and tact carried it out. It is his work; to him alone is the credit. The library has attracted great attention in foreign lands, and the collector thereof, in a long editorial on his work, a number of years since, was hailed by the Paris *Figaro* as the "King of Books," — a title which has been universally accorded to him since,—an honorable royalty, indeed!

In this work Mr. Young has been brought in contact with authors and artists from all over the world, for he has travelled widely to meet them. Then, too, his house has been visited by many of them—I am privileged to be one of that number—and his hospitality will never be forgotten by any of them, I am sure. I suppose him to have a larger acquaintance among literary people than any man who has ever lived. If he could be persuaded, as perhaps he may some day, to write his reminiscences, the resulting book would be a treasure. He has told me some delightful stories which unfortunately cannot be written till the subjects thereof are dead.

Of his literary friends, he says:

After an active business life of twenty-seven years, I am convinced there are no more noble, unselfish, gentle people than they who write our literature. My experience in every case has been that the greatest have been the most amiable. Once in a while some little soul has displayed a wealth of vanity and egotism, and taken far more trouble to refuse than an acceptance would have required. In any event, whatever success may have attached to my efforts I owe almost entirely to the authors themselves, many of whom have not only aided me in obtaining their own books and manuscripts, but by personal efforts and advice have helped me to secure others.

What will be the future use of this wonderful collection? No man will write of the literature of our age which perhaps is not appreciated by those who live in it—posterity will say that there were giants in those days, I dare prophesy—without referring to that collection. No man will write the life of any contemporary man or woman of letters without drawing on that treasure-house of personality self-revealed.

When the library is suitably housed

in the noble temple of letters, which is planned to include it, on the banks of the fair and beautiful Mississippi, with a proper provision for its maintenance and perhaps its future development, that spot will be the Mecca of literary pilgrims for generations yet to come; and passing years will only increase the value of that rare collection—an unique library among the libraries of the world.

Thither will turn the steps of the author, the artist, the lover of books, the student of literature, the biographer, the historian of this age. There, and there alone, will they find that without which no man can write the literary history, individual or general, of the period. By them will the name of James Carleton Young be gratefully remembered, and when he has gone to the reward of all his labors that he has taken under the sun—and may that day be far distant is the prayer of his friends!—few there will be who will leave a nobler, a more useful, a more lasting monument behind them.

"N' York's Good Enough for Me"

By CHARLOTTE HARWOOD

To be quite sure of the fact, one must spend a few years in Europe. Living in New York surrounded by friends, with electric trams, elevated roads, heat, ice-water, telephones, and elevators galore, one unconsciously comes to regard it as the finest city on earth, the only spot wherein to dwell. When I went to live in London and began to experience the inconveniences of life in that inky octopus of a city, New York became, in my imagination, more desirable than ever.

Sitting before a soft-coal fire with my face aflame, and my back afreeze, and black smuts floating leisurely in the moist, fog-laden air, I sighed for a furnace, and would even have welcomed suffocation by steam heat. Toiling through the myriad little shops at Whiteley's and being told on inquiry that their only "lift" was in the next

street, I longed for the express elevators in the New York department stores, with their jerks and thumps and possible heart-disease thrown in. And often I felt that New York was good enough for me!

How haughtily I looked at the little toy trains that wriggle noiselessly into the English stations! How I longed to give them a push to help them along, when they wriggled quietly out again! When a tramcar took an hour and a half to go ten miles, how scornfully I remarked that it was good for the nerves, or sat in mute patience when an omnibus waited ten minutes for refreshments before some "pub."!

For quite two years I behaved like the best of "good Americans," upholding the glories of the Republic, the benefits of free education, the wonderful conveniences of New York, the

greater energy, activity, and progressiveness of the people, and the all-round superiority of life in a country where men are theoretically equal, and there are neither kings nor princes to spend the hard-earned money of the people in Cinderella-like pageants, nor an aristocracy to make believe that successful robbery in the past—or present—has raised them to a dizzy height, often wholly-matrimonially maintained by a mountain of republican dollars. New York was good enough for me!

But meanwhile the poison of a quiet, well-ordered, place-for-everything, time-for-anything existence was insensibly beginning to work in my veins, and the calm beauty and charm and extraordinary comfort of life without conveniences in England, to compensate for some of the blessings that a rushing, hustling, out-of-breath young civilization flings at one while hurrying on to new inventions that cause perpetual upheavals in the name of progress.

Impatient as the ever-youthful West may be with Europe, none but a bigot can escape the glamour of the long historic past that hovers like a waking dream over that continent, or refuse to look with wonder and admiration at the glories of a civilization which, happily for our country, was not for us.

Standing one lovely afternoon on the terrace at Versailles, the incomparable parterres in full bloom, the close-clipped hedges and well-trimmed lawns looking as if the fairies had swept and dusted them before dawn, the fountains and statues shining in the sunlight, the trees over-arching in glades of coolness, and the long canal stretching like a silver ribbon in the distance,—I was approached by an American girl who was "doing" Versailles (in one day) with a party. "Is n't it lovely?" I said, filled with the beauty around us. She looked about her with the comprehensive sniff wherewith certain Americans proclaim their declaration of independence to Europe, and drawled, "N' York's good enough for me."

No doubt it was. But I wished that she could be made to spend the rest of

her life in the Flatiron Building, listening to the Broadway and Twenty-third Street cars. And I realized what a poor opinion the Almighty has of money when He gives such a person enough of it to travel in Europe.

Before I had quite attained the Nirvana of life in England, came the summons home. It was in the early spring. "Now I am going to get warm through," I said, and the prospect of sunshine and clear air, of the brilliant atmosphere and busy life of New York, dulled the keenest edge of regret at leaving England just when she was putting on her flower-decked spring dress. New York seemed *quite* good enough for me. I painted glowing pictures when saying good-bye to my English friends, and hoping soon to see them on the other side.

All through the voyage the joy of anticipation lasted, and when I saluted Nantucket Lightship the exhilaration of a brisk walk up "the Avenue" was already in my blood.

But as we steamed slowly up the magnificent harbor something seemed to be going wrong. The bright sky was obscured by inordinately high box-like structures stuck full of holes. Verdure had disappeared from the face of the earth, and nothing but hideous blocks of stone, and shanty-like piers were to be seen. I had forgotten! "But the docks are n't New York," I said; "it will be better when we land."

I draw a veil over the landing, as every self-respecting American must. No one who has ever endured the shame of landing in New York will wish to recall it. The disillusionment had begun.

But hope again sprang in my breast as, jumping into a cab, we bumped and jolted to our destination.

The next morning, delighted at being once more at home, I started for a friend's house in Seventeenth Street. Having been refused admittance to a cross-town car on both east and west corners of the avenue, I at last managed to seize and clamber on one, and in a breathless moment was flung out on a mound of mud at the corner of Fourth Avenue. Picking my way

through a mass of dirt and *débris*, I dodged across the avenue and stood in the middle of the street trying to intercept an uptown car without being run over by something else or tripped up by the snow-plough. With proverbial American politeness two successive conductors dashed by with scornful looks at my imploring figure. At last a third, less hard-hearted than the others, condescended to drag me up, and once more I heard the long-forgotten "Step lively!" I stepped—into a seat where I was soon flattened by a fat woman who was being squeezed, pushed, and embraced by the conductor and others, and I reached Seventeenth Street wondering sadly if New York really was good enough for me. I landed in what looked like a deserted river bed, and having scrambled over the jutting blocks and the holes, and climbed up the paving-stones that decorated the sidewalks in Union Square, a weary, disheartened, dragged, disappointed creature, I reached my friend's house.

The next day, in going up Broadway to Fifty-ninth Street, I had a good view of the changes that had taken place during my absence. Magnificent stone and marble palaces rose on every block. At Twenty-third Street the Flatiron enormity came into view. I nearly wept! To think that there were not dollars enough, nor public spirit enough, to have kept that little bit of land "unimproved," to have planted it with grass and trees, and added a tiny oasis to the weary desert of bricks and paving-stones that is called New York!

All the way uptown magnificence and squalor alternated. Broadway, the great street of the second city in the world, the Empire City of the United States, seemed little more than a narrow path. Darkened by the immensely high buildings, narrowed by the double car-track, with shanties flanking superb huge structures, mounds of mud, and winding ribbons of Belgian block in the asphalt of the street, huge holes full of dirty water, unwashed sidewalks, and unswept streets,—this was the city whose glories I had sung; to which I had so proudly invited my English

friends. What lies I had told! and how ashamed I should be if any of them were suddenly to appear! Scarcely a tree or shrub was to be seen, nothing, nothing but dirty streets and splendid rows of merciless architecture. Every little bit of land must be built on, because thereby more money can be squeezed out for some one who has probably more than enough already. Health, air, beauty, must all be sacrificed to that "business enterprise" that is so often only a synonym for greed.

At dinner that night I spoke to a friend of the disappointment and shock that New York had been to me. He seemed surprised. I expected to hear the familiar "N' York 's good enough for me"; but he only looked at it. Though he had been in both London and Paris, he did not seem to think New York in need of any improvement. He had become used to the prevailing conditions and no longer noticed them. He thought I exaggerated and felt that I was not a "good American." "Come for a walk with me to-morrow, and I will convince you," I said.

The next morning with eyes alert we started up Fifth Avenue. The sun shone brightly and it was such a day as I had longed for and dreamed of for years.

In the areas of the houses we passed stood ash barrels, some surrounded by little heaps of dirt and garbage; the gutters were full of divers kinds of refuse; the doorsteps unwashed, and paper and peel lay undisturbed, or flying in the wind; mounds of mud, huge holes, and amalgamated dirt adorned the streets. As we turned into a side street, streams and pools of filthy water prevented our crossing; wagons discharged their goods at the shop doors and their wrappings and packings in the street, and doorways made convenient lodging-places for little piles of mixed rubbish. I expected to see pigs rush out and root. I wished they would, so as to get rid of some of the garbage. We seemed to have stepped back into the condition of Paris in the days of Philip Augustus; but just then we turned the corner, a magnificent many-storied building came into view,

and we realized that we were the most progressive nation in the world!

"You were right," said my friend; "I suppose I've got used to it and don't notice."

And therein lies the key to much of the trouble. Most of us are used to it, and the rest don't care. New York is good enough for *us*, and so we do nothing to make it good enough for the great U. S. Those who *do* notice, who grieve over the way the city is growing up into an unlovely mass of magnificent buildings, pierced by narrow ill-kept streets, treeless, grassless, flowerless, destitute of grace or beauty, with nothing but the misused power of money glaring at every corner, are looked upon as "bad Americans," because, in our badness, we would fain see New York the finest city in the world, Eastern or Western,—a fitting expression of our wealth, intelligence, energy, and the good taste that, alas! we seem so sorely to lack. Why should London spend millions of pounds in widening her streets and making fine open spaces, and we be told that it would cost too much to do the same for New York? Are we too poor?—or only too greedy? And whose fault is it that Paris washes her streets, while filth lies rotting in ours? Shall Independence be our only boast?

The shape and position of New York, which are often given as an excuse for all its deficiencies, should be its glory. Between two fine rivers, with a wide bay in front, New York's situation is almost unrivalled. It is "swept by ocean breezes," but in our self-sufficient arrogance we have erected Towers of Babel along our streets to stifle and smother our people. If London, with its miles of parks, squares, and other open spaces, were put down on Manhattan Island, instead of New York, the awful heat of summer would be tempered by the air that would then reach us over cool green places, wide streets, and houses of unavaricious height. Nor would the keen winter winds come whistling down the sunless tunnels that our vaunted progressiveness has made of the New York streets. For greed of gain we have shut out the sun and air

that Nature has blessed us with. No plaint of the value of land is a valid excuse. Is not our wealth proverbial? and does not our ingenuity bridge and tunnel rivers?

To keep New York on Manhattan Island would savor of Old World conservatism, and its expansion is a problem that can easily be solved. But as we expand, let us save breathing spaces. While we teach willing London the value of rapid transit, let us be willing to learn from her how to make our own city something better than a marble and asphalt gridiron, and to bend our efforts to nobler things than trying to see how great a load the uncomplaining earth can be made to bear. We can reach Heaven by something better than a Tower of Babel—which, after all, never got there.

Let us have parks all over the gridiron, bits of shade in summer, of sunlight in winter, within easy reach of all. While as for unhappy New York below Central Park, we must still hope. Perhaps some generous millionaire with a park germ may arise, and give parks as freely as the bookworm millionaire has given libraries. And surely the parks are more needed, for books are of little use to the child that is developing tuberculosis or dying of pneumonia for lack of those two great disinfectants, sunlight and fresh air. Rich and poor alike suffer for these necessities of life in New York in the midst of the luxuries of steam heat and unlimited ice-water. Cramped up in dirty, noisy, sunless, airless streets, it is no wonder that New York's sick list is high. The climate is not all to blame.

Those good Americans who loudly proclaim that New York's good enough for them, have much to answer for, and New York may well cry "Save me from my friends." Not until we awake to a sense of the value of something besides money,—not until we can rival London in the number and extent of our open spaces, dispersed all over the city so that all can benefit by them, —not until we realize that stone and marble palaces look squalid in narrow, dirty streets,—not till we can eliminate

some of the hideous clamor of our streets, and keep them as clean and beautiful as those of Paris,—not till we have done justice to the superb situation and climate of our city and

can think and speak of it all over Europe without apologizing for anything in it,—not until then shall I ever again say, "New York's good enough for me."

Edward VII. as Social Leader

By LADY JEUNE

IN all civilized communities from time immemorial there has been a recognized leader, not only of its military and political, but of its social life. The military leader was the oldest recognized one; for the foundations of government were built by the sword, and the groundwork out of which all civilizations have grown has been a military one. The transition from a military despotism to a constitutional government has been slow, but while the real power lay in the hands of the soldier, the gradual development of political and social life was equally taking place. The State, emerging from its infancy, learned by degrees to stand alone, and under wise government laws were passed, out of which a mode of life and a social existence evolved themselves. In England our social life has developed and extended with our political life, being modified from time to time in order to adapt it to the new conditions of existence which arise.

The social life of England is unlike that of any other country, for the community is so great and the interests of every class (however divergent their aims and opinions) so identical that they act and react upon each other. In France society is broken up into small coteries. The political class is different in every respect from the financial class. The aristocratic class still keeps itself in its splendid isolation, in the Faubourg, and the literary circle has its own little world. But none amalgamate, each keeps to its own *milieu*, its own circle. In Germany, Austria, and Russia there is no society outside the Court, which represents all that is considered by birth and position entitled to enter that hallowed circle.

The *haute finance* are outside its portals and never enter, and the artistic and scientific society is small and singularly exclusive. In America there is no recognized leader of society, as in other countries. There are, as we know, four hundred leaders of the richest, most luxurious, and extravagant society in the world, and outside that every one is unknown; though Boston would resent her literary pretensions being ignored, for that society is agreeable and intellectual. But in common with other countries, American society lacks cohesion, each circle being its own entity, having no regard or relation to any other. It is the isolation and distinctness of every class of society in other countries to each other that marks the difference between them and our social life here, where society is a huge mass, with many divisions, none, however, quite independent of the other. The identity of interests and pursuits, the mutual co-operation, the sympathy and union of all classes, though often not apparent, create a bond which binds all society together in a common purpose and ambition.

The whole social life of England has changed completely during the last fifty years, and the transformation is little less than marvellous. The two political parties which governed England at the beginning of the last century, and until after the passing of the Reform Bill, were the leaders of society in England, and exercised undisputed sway. The long illness of George III., and the reign of his successor, were not, however, calculated to increase the influence and power of the Court. The accession of Queen Victoria marked the beginning of a new epoch, and the

gradually growing power of the working classes destroyed the political power of the Whigs and Tories. The presence of a young queen on the throne exercised a new and potent influence on English life, and the early years of the Queen's reign, under the cold, austere influence of the Prince Consort, raised the position of the English Court to the highest example of purity and respectability, which the country recognized with pride and satisfaction. During the reign of Queen Victoria, however, the political power of the country fell entirely into the hands of the proletariat, while the increased facilities of communication brought every one to the capital, so that a society which at her accession was small and aristocratic became enormously large and cosmopolitan. The widowhood of the Queen practically took her out of society, and though her influence was never more potent than during those years of practical seclusion, it was not felt in society, where it was, in reality, but a name.

The tendency of English society during the last forty years has been to become more and more cosmopolitan. Political society in the days of Lady Palmerston and Lady Derby was confined principally to the recognized leaders and party followers of the Whigs and Tories. But with their deaths, and the extension of the franchise, the houses of both parties were thrown open impartially. The incursion of Americans into England, the increasing power of the press, and the recognition of intellectual ability in any form, and its admittance into society, a condition of life only to be seen in England, created a society unique in its conception and development, and it became inevitable that there should be a recognized head whose claim would be indisputable,—that some leader should be found. Had we reverted to the former political conditions under which society in England had hitherto existed, there were many people alike by birth, rank, position, of great wealth, ready and anxious to assume the responsibility.

But no society will bow its knee to

any one, however powerful, unless they are born to the purple; and in a democratic country like England the representative of the Crown was the only person who could fulfil their requirements and represent their ideal. And in the King an ideal head exists. Long before he succeeded to the Throne, and in the difficult position of Heir-apparent, he was in the van of every object that had for its aim the improvement of the great empire over which he would some day reign. His sympathy, his kindness, his recognition of the good that exists in every scheme brought before him, was boundless, and many great enterprises would have died stillborn but for his patronage and support. There is no more wonderful work in the world than the charitable enterprise of England, which has grown and fostered under his care and interest, and which he has popularized and developed, so that he has drawn hundreds and thousands of people into it, who but for his example would have gone ignorant and indifferent to their graves. His recognition of Art and the Stage has been most generous, and he has raised the latter and placed it in a position which without his help would have been impossible.

In speaking of a social leader, one must recognize many effects beside the solitary one of the power he or she may have, on what, in a city of over five millions of people, is only a small coterie, though its influence is out of proportion to its size. The immediate personal influence of the leader on those who come into contact with him must react in its turn on the circle they inhabit, and then it permeates the whole community. The influence of a social leader who is King is more potent, more far-reaching, than that of any chief, however heaven-born he may be. The influence of the Presidents of America and France finds no response outside their personal *entourage*, but that of the King and of the Emperor of Germany finds an echo in the hearts of their poorest subjects. With all our radicalism and gospel of equality, no people recognize the claims of birth and position more than we, and

every class prefers as a head some one superior in birth and position to their own.

The Throne has always been accepted in England as the natural head of the community, and especially of that society which is composed of an exclusively aristocratic class. By aristocratic we mean in the wider sense. The King has broken down in many ways, and more than any one else, the barriers which at one time helped to keep English society exclusive. There are some who deplore that it has become so cosmopolitan, that its ranks are recruited from many nationalities and peoples; that they occupy positions which should belong to Englishmen. There is some consolation, however, in the knowledge of what they have done for the country of their adoption, in the magnificent hospitals, convalescent homes, libraries, and the endless movements which they have founded to benefit the country to which they have come. The head of the State has with infinite wisdom and foresight gauged the value to his people of their

citizenship, and he has welcomed them impartially. The social conditions of to-day would be impossible in any country but ours, and impossible under any other form of government, or with any other leader. The King, true to the instincts of his people and the traditions of his country, has interpreted them in the widest sense and welcomes those who, with wealth and the wish to spend it, have made England their home, and has helped to weld their life and interests into sympathy with that of the great society of which he is the head.

No life, no society, is perfect: there must needs be drawbacks, but in judging and considering our social life, we must remember the complex problems of a vast empire, the difficulties of adapting and building up the fabric of a society, the largest, richest, and most powerful that the world has ever seen, and recognize the untiring efforts of the King, as its leader, to direct its aims and ideals into channels which have benefited his country and the community at large.

Let Me Live Awhile

By ROBERT MACKAY

I

STAV, Death! I 'm growing old;
Stay, let me live awhile!
Though Summer's green seems Winter's snow,
Though breezes warm like March winds blow,—
I still can hope and smile,
And grasp my neighbor's swarthy hand,
For youth's warm fervor has not fled,—
Work with him while he tills his land,
And share his meal of herbs and bread.

II

Stay, Death! I 'm growing old;
Stay, let me live awhile!
For still I see in roses red
The love that watches overhead;
And by the moss-grown stile
I still can hear the wild birds trill
The carol of earth's ceaseless joy;
And mark in every flashing rill
The light that led me when a boy.

III

Each boat that slants upon the sea
 Gives some new thought of life to me;
 Each child that babbles at his play
 Removes a shadow from my way;
 The welcome rains new visions bring
 Of years that seem perpetual Spring;
 Each ray of sunshine does its part
 To light the chambers of my heart;

And more, far more, my wife, my all!
 Who makes my joys and griefs her
 own,—
 My death would prove her prison wall—
 I cannot leave her now alone!—
 She is too timid, worn, and weak
 To struggle for her daily bread,
 She needs the loving words I speak,—
 Lord, wait a little, till she 's dead.

Little Upsidaisi: A Study in Unnatural History*

By O. SITDOWN-JOHNSON JOHNSON-SITDOWN

I SHALL never forget the day I first saw him! That, indeed, was a day to be marked in my note-book with a red cross. I kept red ink and maltese ink in my cabin, to make red and maltese crosses with when things did or did not happen as the case might be. By this simple method I was enabled to keep track of the notes suitable for the magazines which pay the best, reserving the others for periodicals which reimburse their army of contributors at the starvation rate of a cent a word, no distinction being made between long and short words.

But I digress. It was in the spring when my physician said to me: "My dear Mr. Johnson-Sitdown, you are getting dashed dotty." This was a pleasing allusion to my employment, for, as the discerning reader has guessed by this time, I was a telegraph operator in a great city, where the click of the instrument was superadded to the roar of the elevated trains, the rumble of the surface cars, and the nerve-destroying concussions made by the breaking of the cable during rush hours morning and evening.

"What you need," said this gifted scientist to me, "is absolute rest and

quiet. If you do not pack up and take to the woods within three days from the receipt of this notice, I will not answer for the consequences. Get busy now, and let me see you no more until September 1st."

Face to face with my death-warrant, as it were, I unhesitatingly obeyed. Fortunately, my grandmother had left me a small log cabin in a clearing, this being her ancestral domicile, and the only piece of real estate she possessed upon her long-delayed demise some months back. Without waiting to inspect it, I hurried to my new home, accompanied only by a few books on natural history, which, as I afterward discovered, were by ignorant and untrustworthy writers (who sought to prey upon the credulity of the uninstructed public), and Tom-Tom, my cat.

I had not intended to take Tom-Tom, but his fine animal instinct warned him of my impending departure, and he sat upon my bookcase and wailed piteously all through my packing. My foolish heart has always been strangely tender toward the lower animals, and I hastened to reassure Tom-Tom. After a little I made him understand that where I went he should go also, and he frisked about my apartment like a wild thing at play, waving his tail madly in the exuberance of his joy.

* Advance chapter from "The Book of Clever Beasts: Studies in Unnatural History." By Myrtle Reed. Illustrated by Peter Newell. Copyright, 1904, by Myrtle Reed. Published 1904, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

When I reached my home in the wilderness, it was nearly nightfall. I had only time to unpack my books, place them on a rough shelf I had hastily constructed, draw out the rude table which happened to be in a corner of my cabin, and place upon it my observation ledger, my pocket note-book, and my red and maltese inks. Before retiring, I made a pilgrimage to the beach and secured nearly a peck of fine sand. This I scattered all about my cabin, that in the morning I might see what visitors had left their cards, so to speak, upon this tell-tale medium of communication.

My first night in the clearing was uneventful. When I awoke, it was broad day, and after dressing hurriedly, I ran out to look at the sand, which Tom-Tom had not disturbed, being sound asleep still. Much to my delight, though hardly to my surprise, the sand was covered with a fine tracery, almost like lace work. The prints of tiny toes were to be discovered here and there, and now and then a broad sweep, evidently made by a tail. I was not slow in attributing the lace-maker's dainty work to the field mouse—the common species, known as *rodentia feminis scarus*—and reference to my books proved me right. By measuring the prints, according to the metric system, with delicate instruments I had brought for the purpose, I soon discovered that these tracks were all made by the same individual.

Tom-Tom came out into the sunlight, waving his glorious plumed tail, yawning, and loudly demanding food. Suddenly he stopped, as if caught on the foul half-way to the grand stand, and began to sniff angrily. His back arched, his tail enlarged and began to wave in a circle. Great agitation possessed Tom-Tom, and he, too, was scrutinizing the sand.

Wondering at his fine instinct, I hastened to his side, and thereupon my pet unmistakably hissed. It required a magnifying-glass and some reconstruction of line before I could make out what had so disturbed him, but at last I discovered that a rude picture of a cat had been drawn in the sand, evi-

dently by a tail tipped with malice, immediately in front of my cabin door!

During the day, I meditated upon my nocturnal visitor. Evidently, he had drawn the cat in the sand as a warning to others of his kind, as some specimens of the genus *homo* mark gate-posts. That night, I made the sand smooth before retiring, and in the morning looked anxiously for further messages, but there was nothing there. A charm had evidently been set against my cabin door.

I began to consider getting rid of Tom-Tom, feeling sure that the mice would know it if I did so, but after long study I thought it better to keep my faithful companion, than to wait in loneliness for problematical visitors.

The health-giving weeks passed by, and I gained in strength each day. When I went there, I was so weak I could not have spanked a baby, but I soon felt equal to discharging a cook.

Frequently, I went far away from the cabin, in the search for food and firewood, leaving Tom-Tom at home to keep house. The intelligent animal missed me greatly, but never offered to go along, his padded feet not being suited to the long overland journeys. I made him some chamois-skin boots out of some of the natural history shams I found in print, and for a few times he gallantly accompanied me, but it soon became evident that he preferred to stay at home and bear his loneliness, rather than to face dangers that he knew not of. However, as we became accustomed to our new home, Tom-Tom regained some part of his original courage, and at times would wander quite a distance from the cabin.

On one occasion with the long prolonged howl which meant farewell, Tom-Tom plunged into the depths of the forest, stopping at the first tree to sharpen his claws. Suspecting that he was in search of game for our Sunday dinner I followed him cautiously at a respectful distance. Strangely enough, I found that the trees leading to the left, for quite a distance into the wood, were scarred with Tom-Tom's claws. It was some time before the significance of this

burst upon me. He was blazing his trail through the woods that he might not get lost coming home!

As time went on, these absences became more frequent, and once he even stayed out all night. In the morning, the delicate tracery was again seen in the sand around my cabin door, only, this time, there was no picture of a cat.

As I busied myself about my household tasks, I felt myself observed. Turning, I saw upon my door-sill a little white-throated field mouse, sitting upright, and waving a friendly paw at me in salutation. It was Little Upsidaisi! I always called him that, thinking the Indian name much more musical than our own.

I saw Tom-Tom less frequently now. For days together he would remain away from home, and I was lonely indeed. Late one afternoon, as I returned from my hunting trip, I saw a picture of a cat newly drawn in the sand, and after it, very distinctly, was placed a large interrogation point.

Fully understanding the work of that wonderful tail, I took the point of my umbrella, and printed, in large letters, "NO!" underlining it to make it more emphatic. After that, Upsidaisi came every day, selecting such times as the cat was out. He seemed to feel that he had a friend and protector in me.

As the weeks went by, Little Upsidaisi became more bold, and took refuge in my sleeve or trouser-leg upon approach of the cat. Tom-Tom, engaged with affairs of his own, never seemed to know that there was a new occupant in our cabin, which was well, for Little Upsidaisi was faithful, and Tom-Tom was not.

How well I remember the day when Tom-Tom came in suddenly, and saw Upsidaisi sitting on the edge of my plate, helping himself daintily to fried bacon with a straw from the broom, neatly slit at one end! There was a low growl from the cat and a snort of terror from Upsidaisi as he ran down my neck for refuge. I wore large collars in those days, that my little friend's panics might not cause a stricture in my cesophagus.

After that, it was war to the knife,

as I too well understood. I could only tremble and wait for the end. Both of my pets were aflame with jealousy, and there could be but one result. The end of a wild animal is always a tragedy.

One day, when Little Upsidaisi was asleep in my hat, I followed Tom-Tom's trail into the woods, paying close attention to the marks on the trees. Far away, so far away that I no longer wondered how the cat had worn out eight separate and distinct boots in as many weeks, I came upon a nest at the foot of a pine-tree, in a hollow made by the outspreading roots, and lined with the fragrant pine needles. A large black and white cat sat proudly on the nest, brooding over her young. She trembled at my approach, but did not seek safety in flight. With a few kind words I lifted her from her nest and discovered six squalling little ones under her. One black, yellow, and white egg was not as yet hatched, and I could see that very soon a little tortoise-shell kitten would claim her maternal care.

So this was the explanation of Tom-Tom's defection! Where he had found his mate, I did not know. Close by was a square of red blanket, which had been mysteriously cut out of my bed covering, and my best tin cup, freshly filled with cream, was within the mother's easy reach. One of Tom-Tom's worn-out shoes, at a little distance from the nest, completed the evidence.

Upon the shelf in my cabin was a cigar box, where Little Upsidaisi slept. I had made a very soft nest for him with some returned manuscripts and took pains to keep food and drink in one corner of it. Thus, at any hour of the day or night, he might be safe from the cat, and well provided for.

After a little, as the duties of paternity relaxed, Tom-Tom, thin and pale as he was, took to spending a part of his evenings at home. There was a period of three days, once, when Tom-Tom did not leave the cabin. At the end of the third day, I sat at my little table, recording various valuable observations in my ledger, when suddenly



"SCARCELY KNOWING WHAT I DID, I FOLLOWED THEM"

a terrible thought struck me. I had forgotten to feed Little Upsidaisi, who was shut in his box.

Strangely enough, I was recording in my journal at that instant the fact that the field mice seemed to have no method of communication with the outside world except the picture language made with the sharpened tip of the tail. While I was considering what to do, and whether or not to use force and temporarily eject Tom-Tom, a faint, far-away tapping assailed my ears,

which my anxious mind soon traced to the cigar box on the shelf.

At the succession of taps, my hair stood up in astonishment and I rose to my feet with such violence that Tom-Tom was frightened. *Little Upsidaisi was attempting to communicate with me by means of the Morse code!*

I am well aware that this will not be believed by the reader, but I can only set down my own observations and trust to later explorations to substantiate my claims.

Tap, tap, tap, the ghostly message came, and trembling with excitement though I was, I managed to make out the words:

"What do you take me for? Do you want to starve me to death? Can't you get rid of that blanked cat?" Courtesy to my readers compels me to use the word "blanked" in place of the profane adjective Little Upsidaisi applied to Tom-Tom.

A desperate expedient possessed me. After tapping out a few words for Upsidaisi's comfort, I made a low kitten-cry, such as used to perplex my teacher in my younger days. With every sense instantly alert, Tom-Tom erected his tail and started off down the trail like a blue streak.

I supplied the exhausted mouse with food and drink, and bade him be patient until the following day, using the form of speech which he so readily understood.

Tom-Tom soon returned, with the air of a fire engine which has just chased up a false alarm. He watched me very closely, and the following day, as I tapped out a message of hope to Upsidaisi, I noted a gleam of malicious intelligence in Tom-Tom's green eyes. I began to wonder, but I had no time to frame a definite thought, for with a prolonged meow, Tom-Tom began to scratch on the floor vigorously, and my accustomed ears soon made out, through the bewildering succession of dots and dashes, another message in the Morse code.

"Where is that blamed mouse?" it said. "My kittens are about to be weaned and require solid food."

There was a terrible cry of pain from the shelf, and before I could protest or interfere in any way, Little Upsidaisi was out of the cabin, running like mad, with Tom-Tom in full pursuit. Scarcely knowing what I did, I followed them. Even if I would, I could not interfere, and I had long since learned that it is the truest kindness to let the animals fight it out among themselves, since

the fittest must survive and the weakest be crushed to the wall.

Now and then I heard a sob from the grass, where the mouse was running in deathly fear, and deep, harsh breathings from Tom-Tom. A little ahead was the railroad track, which much surprised me.

On went the mad struggle for life. There was a whistle near by and I knew the express was coming. Upsidaisi was nowhere in sight, and Tom-Tom was nosing through the long grass eagerly. Then there was a little glimmer of white and silver in the sun and Upsidaisi flew across the track just as the express rounded the curve. Tom-Tom followed, heedless of his danger, and the cowcatcher, striking his tense body, threw him so far up into the air that the corpse has not yet been recovered.

I stood aghast at the fiendish cleverness of it. Little Upsidaisi had decoyed his enemy to the track, at the very moment the express was to pass!

Sorely shaken in my mind, I picked up the trembling mouse and walked home in a brown study. As I sat at the table, writing in my journal, I heard a low mournful sound from the shelf, and then the words, tapped out in the Morse code, "Forgive me—I had to do it."

I foolishly paid no attention, but went on writing down the noble ideas that surged hotly through my brain. Later on—I shall never know how much later—I heard the dull sound of a falling body, and the pungent odor of cyanide of potassium filled the room. The bottle of it, which I kept upon the shelf to attract butterflies, had been opened and drained to the dregs. Close by it, with the glaze of death over his bright eyes, lay Little Upsidaisi. Heart-broken by my coldness, the little mouse had committed suicide.

Little feet, little feet, shall I see your delicate tracery no more around the door of my cabin in the wilderness? The end of a wild animal is always a tragedy.

MYRTLE REED.

The Literary Life

By LAURENCE HUTTON

TO a club of Seniors at Princeton, before I was connected with the University, I talked one night, in the winter of 1896-7, upon a subject selected by them; to wit, my own experiences as a literary man—such as I am! The undergraduates who had journalistic, or literary, aspirations—and they were in the majority—wanted to know how I began; what was my training; if it were easy or hard; and what were the net results—if any. No notes were made; I simply told them—for fifty minutes, at a dollar a minute—the first money I ever made in that way, and the easiest money I ever made in any way—how it all came about. I had to talk concerning myself, a subject which is very pleasant to oneself, and to nobody else; but if, as Dr. Holmes has said, "Autobiography is what biography ought to be," I do not see how I could talk about myself, and, at the same time, leave myself out!

Requested, more than once, by single individuals, and by collections of individuals, to repeat that Princeton Talk elsewhere, I have undertaken to joint it and connect it for future use and reference, so far as it can be remembered. But it has grown upon the hands and under the pen until it has reached the proportion of several Talks, still more or less disconnected and disjointed. One incident or episode or experience has suggested many others, until I find myself long drawn out, and feel myself, as some one has happily put it, in my *anecdote*.

I have often been asked to write a story, but I do not possess the gift of invention, and very few of the gifts of expansion and elaboration. All story-telling, I believe, is founded mainly on fact. Thackeray, and Scott, and Dickens, and Balzac, and Zola, and Cervantes, without knowing it, and without meaning it, have told, in their stories, the essence of the stories of their own lives. And I can only tell the story of my life, the story of the Persons, the Places, and the Things I have known, and seen, and done, since my own life began, a good deal more than fifty years ago. The first decade and a half of it I described in the story of "A



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LAURENCE HUTTON IN HIS FIRST TROUSERS

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LAURENCE HUTTON

From a painting from life by Dora Wheeler Keith
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Boy I Knew," which brought me down to the period of long trousers, and out of the influence of Dames' Schools. Here, I am setting down the scenes in which I have been, in which I have acted, and in which I have been acted upon, since I have grown up to man's estate.

If I am a part of them, and too large a part of them, I cannot help it. I would put them all into a story, long or short, under different names, in different places, and in a different age, if I could. And, if I am my own hero, and if my Mother and my Wife are my heroines, and if my friends, lowly and lofty, constitute my *dramatis personæ*, I feel that I am only doing what other story-tellers have done, and will always do, under a thicker and less transparent veil. I am telling the story of actual Persons, of actual Places, and of actual Things, touching as impersonally as possible, and only in passing, upon the Persons who are still of the flesh; dwelling at greater length upon the Men and the Women who were my friends and acquaintances, but who are lost to sight, if still dear to memory.

What I have to tell has the single merit of being absolutely true, so far as I can make it so. If it is not stranger than fiction, it is, to me at least, quite as startling and quite as real as is most fiction; and it is quite as interesting—at least to me!

I never had the benefit of a college, or of an university, education, with all it means, in a social and in an intellectual way. I was too lazy, mentally, to prepare myself. I was too dull in the matter of mathematics and of the Dead Languages to enter any seat of high learning. I went for eight or nine years to one school, that of Dr. James N. McElligott, of blessed memory, to me and to many an old boy whom I meet, now and then, in all parts of the world; and I remained under Dr. McElligott until I was about eighteen years of age. His was what he called a "Classical School"; and the tuition was dear. But the chief study was composition, English composition, interleaved with a little "Latin Prose." And to some of his pupils this last was always a stumbling-block. McElligott

was the author of a very useful book called "The Analytical Manual," of which he was justly proud, but which is now altogether obsolete and neglected. My own well-thumbed copy, in a green pasteboard cover, disappeared long ago. But, as it is recalled now, it was a spelling- and a definition-book combined, full of Rules and Exceptions, as to what happens, for instance, on the doubling of final con-



JAMES N. McELLIGOTT

sonants in radical words, and in the addition of a suffix beginning with some particular letter, whose name or whose significance is by me now entirely forgotten. There was a regular composition, on Fridays, after recess, the subject of which, as "Joan d'Arc," "Is Childhood the Happiest Period of Human Life?" "Contentment Better than Wealth," and the like, was given out a week ahead. But every day—Fridays excepted—before recess, the

boys were expected to write a slate-full of what was called "Applications"; to wit, a short story, or essay, upon a topic of their own choosing, in which were to be properly "applied" as many as possible of the words of the morning's spelling and definition lesson in the Manual. And the best result was to receive the highest number of marks.

alliterative acquaintance, the alchemist! That alchemist was the only alchemist I ever knew! But the "application" of him and of others of his kind has served many a good turn in the proper use of words.

Another excellent exercise, devised by Dr. McElligott, was the translation into English words, word by word of



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JOHN HUTTON

My own great effort in that line, I remember, was as follows, based upon words of from three to five syllables, beginning with the letters Al. "An alliterative and allegorical friend of mine, who was an alchemist, dropped his algebra into an alembic containing alcohol." Dr. McElligott as long as he lived never forgot my allegorical and

the same significance, of certain famous pieces of English prose or verse; as Gray's "Elegy" or an Oration of Daniel Webster. A most useful, but often an absolutely impossible performance for schoolboys, or even for college professors. The "Elegy" was his favorite example, and very queer was the havoc made with it by McElligott's pupils.

"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea," one youth rendered as follows: "The bellowing bulls meander dilatorily along the meadow." Another gave "heavenly conflagration" for "celestial fire." But "incense-breathing morn" was entirely beyond us all; and was never overcome.

Still another of the good Doctor's admirable methods of teaching readiness in composition was a series of efforts on the part of his pupils in the writing, and making, of history, in the form of "reports" of certain important historical events. "The Taking of the Bastille," "The Surrender of Cornwallis," "The Destruction of the Invincible Armada," "The Funeral of Alexander the Great," "The Inaugural of Washington," "The Crossing of the Rubicon," "The Coronation of Queen Elizabeth," were among the various subjects to be treated upon as by eye-witnesses! The pupils were supposed to be participants in these events; or onlookers, from any point of view. And they were required to set down their impressions in a certain number of words, as far as possible in the diction, and with the literary style of the different periods. They were allowed, and even urged, to "cram" to their heart's content; but not to quote what was read. All anachronisms were to be avoided; and any amount of invention, provided it did not conflict with possibilities, was permissible. Some of the results were very astonishing, but none of them were without interest, in their way. And as a preparation in "Special Correspondence," with all its romantic possibilities, no training could have been more useful.

To these exercises is ascribed any readiness of expression of which the surviving graduates of McElligott's School may now be possessed.

The schooldays came to an abrupt and proper end one October morning in the early sixties. I had been particularly lazy and indifferent that month, and the father told me he wanted a serious talk. "You are getting to be a man now," he said, "and, as man to man, and as father to son, I want to ask if you think you are treat-

ing me in an altogether fair and honest way. I am paying a great deal of money for your education; are you giving me, in return, a proper equivalent in industry and attention to your studies?" This was a new, but a wholesome, idea of the situation; and for the first time I realized that I was not fulfilling my pecuniary and my intellectual responsibilities; and I resolved to be under no obligation to the father in a money way, from that hour. I sought, and found, a position as errand-boy, at a salary of four dollars



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ELIZA ANN HUTTON

a week, in a large wholesale produce commission house; and there I spent—not unprofitably, *except* in a money way—another eight or nine years of my life. The first duty was the cleaning out of the office spittoon; the last, the winding up of the affairs of the firm when it failed, in the hop trade, in 1870, with nothing to speak of in pocket, and a good deal of experience in my head.

I never had any other difference or disagreement with my father. But this peculiar pecuniary relationship between us existed as long as he lived.

Nothing was asked for, or accepted, from him in the way of money, directly or indirectly.

For many years the father and son had the same tailor, a humble merchant living next door to the old home on Hudson Street, New York. He made a suit of clothes for the son one autumn, which, as was an inevitable habit then as now, was not ordered until the cash was in hand to pay for it. When it was finished I asked for the bill, and was told that the bill had been settled, in advance, by the father, who was



SILHOUETTE OF JOHN HUTTON

having an overcoat made in the same establishment. The son immediately paid for his overcoat!

And the matter was never afterwards alluded to by either of them, although, as was learned from other sources, the father was greatly amused and pleased at the transaction!

The four dollars a week was made to go what seems now to have been a very long way. Some little of a small allowance was left when I entered the produce trade, and I had accumulated two weeks' income before it was necessary to draw upon the salary at all. That eight dollars, the first money I ever

made for myself, was invested in a sentimental way, in the gold-setting, as a breastpin, of a small shell cameo profile portrait of the father, cut by a boy of about my own age, with whom I had gone to school for a short time; with whom, then, I had but slight acquaintance, but who in later years has become my very good friend. His name is Augustus Saint Gaudens!

The father's hospitality, in the matter of lodging and board, was cheerfully accepted. But in other respects what Burns calls "the glorious privilege of being independent" was as cheerfully indulged in.

The weekly stipend was divided carefully into various portions. So much for clothes; so much for theatre-going, not the smallest fraction; so much for stage-fare; and seventy-five cents for dinners. This amounted to twelve and a half cents, an impossible sum, *per diem*. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays twelve cents were spent for the prandial meal; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, thirteen cents; the extra copper being invested in soft brown sugar, spread on the bread and butter, and serving as dessert. I usually dined at an humble little restaurant on the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, not only because it was cheaper, but on account of the peculiar softness of the brown sugar. My table companions were cartmen, porters, an occasional longshoreman who had not brought his dinner-pail; and errand-boys, like myself. We all wore overalls and huckaback jackets; and we smelt like horses, when we did not smell like hops. There were no napkins, and nobody ever thought of tipping the waiter, who called most of us by our first names, and who, indeed, was the brother-in-law of Tom Bullen, the second porter, and an ex-policeman. One member of the party had served a short term for manslaughter; and Mr. Bullen himself was credited with having had a hand in the shooting of the driver of an outside-car, near the Imperial Hotel at Cork. But they were all very amusing; and the association did no harm to any one.

I never felt that my overalls were

very becoming, but I was never ashamed of them; and when a young lady, with whom I had danced the varsovienne one night in Waverly Place, cut me dead the next day in Broad Street, because she saw me, in overalls, rolling a barrel of beans across a pair of skids on to a grocer's wagon, I was ashamed of her! She afterwards married—but that's another story!

During all this period, naturally, there was little time left for, and little inclination towards, composition, or the improvement of the mind. I read market-reports, and, now and then, I wrote market-reports; but not much of anything else during business hours, at least. I had all the advantages of the father's well-selected library at home; but I did not stay much at home; for, if Davenport was not playing "The Iron Chest" somewhere, there was skating to do, or a "party" somewhere else. Little besides fiction was read, the modern novels which were talked about; but generally the older novels, those of Dumas, Dickens, Hugo, Cooper, Scott, Thackeray, Marryat, and Miss Mühlbach. And there was imbibed, unconsciously, from each of them, that undefinable something which, for want of a better term, is called "style." Many letters were written in those days, as in these; chiefly, then, to young women in country towns, who were my seniors in age. And with these recipients of my confidences no doubt I was having a series of mild epistolary flirtations, although I did not know it at the time! But I did realize, in the composition of those letters, that they bore the impress of the manner of the man in whose work of fiction or of popular verse I happened at that moment to be absorbed,—the short, jerky style of Hugo; the confidential, colloquial, "that-reminds-me" style of Thackeray; the "shiver-my-timbers" style of the author of "Peter Simple"; the "Lord-keep-my-memory-green" style of Dickens; or even the proverbial-philosophical-a-babe-in-the-house-is-a-well-spring-of-pleasure style of Tupper; and the civilized-man-cannot-live-without-cooks style of Owen Meredith; both of

which last the young ladies, from the interior of the State, admired particularly. I am not sure that it was the best school of style, but perhaps it was better than the ponderosity of Macaulay or the bitter, dictatorial, dyspepsism of Carlyle; neither of whom, by the way, were altogether neglected.

The father inquired one night what the Boy was reading. "The Three Guardsmen." "And what is it all about?" "An historical novel, full of romance and incident." "And who are the characters?" "Young, brave, and brilliant soldiers of fortune; beautiful and fascinating ladies of quality; Kings, Queens, Princes of the Blood; Lords, cardinal and temporal; Ministers of War and of Finance; and, just then, a Duke of Buckingham and one Fenton who had murdered the Duke in a brutal way." "But how much of it is history, or half-history, and how much of it is pure invention, based upon nothing in real life?" was the further query. It had never occurred to the reader to sift the true from the false. It seemed to be all true. That Athos was as actual and as much alive as were Mazarin and Colbert, he never doubted. And for many nights thereafter, theatres and skating neglected, was studied out, by father and son, in the encyclopaedias and in the histories of England and France, the whole period covered by Dumas in that wonderful series. We learned how much he be-littled and be-biggled, how much he extenuated, how much he set down in malice. It did not produce an historian or a biographer; but it was enjoyed better than "Rosedale" on Wallack's stage; or even than "Our Mutual Friend," by the open fire of the study. It taught me to dig out my own facts, to verify my own statements, to accept no man's *dictum* as true. And, as a simple, and wholesome, and effective way of helping education to form the common mind, it is here respectfully suggested, to serious students, as well as to those parents and guardians who have mental twigs to bend, and who wish to incline the twigs in the right direction.

A poetical effort appeared, but not

in print, during the early years of this business-life. Like all of my efforts, in prose and in verse, it is based upon fact, and it is not impersonal. Thus it reads:

The Hoppist drops
Into different shops,
Propping the flopping of hops.
Bales, bales, bales,
Of embryo porters and ales,
Loads, loads, loads,
Come in by the different roads;
Till the Bulls declare
And rear,
And tear
Their
Hair,
And swear,
The thing must stop.
For Hop
On top
Of Hop
Will break the price kerflop,
Sure pop !

And it did !

The market broke. The house suspended payment, and nothing, in a financial way, was left for any one in the establishment.

The first published production appeared in 1868 in the columns of the *Red Hook Journal*, a small, inland, weekly periodical, with a very limited, and a purely local, circulation. The article was devoted to a descriptive criticism of the "Readings of Charles Dickens," then making his second visit to this country. I attended the entire series, enormously interested in the man and in the expression of his conceptions of his own works. I had devoured his stories; his people were mine own people, his characters were my intimate friends. I knew them, of course, by sight and by sound. I had walked with them, I had talked with them, I had laughed and I had cried with them, ever since I could read. I knew every turn of their thoughts, every expression of their faces, every tone of their voices, every incident of their lives. And lo ! when Dickens himself presented them they were not my Toots, not my Ham Peggotty, not my Tiny Tim at all ! But Dickens must

know them better than his hearers did. For Dickens made them ! Thanks to Dickens, they were all lost in the crowds at Steinway Hall. And they have never altogether been recovered.

This was the burden of the earliest printed work of the 'prentice hand. And it is not much worse than anything that has been attempted since. It was cruelly treated by proof-reader and type-setter and editor, as represented in the single individual upon the *Journal's* staff; it was signed "Silas Wegg," no one knows why; and it attracted no attention whatever, even in Red Hook. Still it was a new, and original, view of a subject to which, at that period, columns of newspaper writing were devoted, all over the country. No doubt thousands of listeners were affected in the same way; but nobody else seems to have taken it so much to heart.

Curiously enough, the effort did not turn my head, or fill me with ambition. I still paid strict attention to Hops; and my serious attack of what is called "Literaturitis" did not develop at once. I had sipped from the intoxicating bowl called "appearance in print," and I did not thirst for more; nor was there made any attempt to sip again from the Pierian Springs for a long time. But, when the habit was acquired, it must be confessed that the draughts were deep.

A single copy of this "Dickens" article still exists, buried in an old scrap-book of its author's. And as giving a contemporaneous picture of the man, and of his conception of his own characters, it may be of some little interest, at the end of all these years. As recorded at that time, his voice was low, husky, and monotonous. Sitting in the centre of the hall, I watched his face closely with a powerful opera-glass; and if I had not been perfectly familiar with his text I would hardly have understood him. Indeed, those who sat in the rear of the room had decided difficulty in distinguishing what he said. What is known as the "rising inflection" was marked, and very painfully marked, to American ears. The anticipation was very high.



THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF LAURENCE HUTTON

The reputation as a reader which he brought from England was very great. The man was loved for the good he had done, and for the countless happy hours, perhaps the happiest of my life, which were spent in the society of Agnes and Betsy Trotwood; of Esther and little Miss Flite; of his good Tom

Pinch and his jolly Mark Tapley; of his Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness; of his Wellers, Tony and Sam; of his Florence Dombey and Little Paul; of his Pip and Joe Gargery; of his Dot and his Jennie Wren, and hosts of others. And I felt that I would rather see the man himself, hear his voice,



CHARLES DICKENS READING

take him by the hand, call him friend, than almost any man then living. Having all this sentiment of enthusiasm and of hero-worship, I could not confess, as I heard him for the first, or second, or even the tenth, time, that his reading was satisfactory. The experience was not regretted then, nor is it regretted now. I would not have missed hearing him for any consideration that could have been offered.

But for all that, the disappointment was keen.

There were then, and there are now, many students of his works, professional readers and persons who make no pretension to reading, who could have done, and could do, to Charles Dickens far more justice than he did to himself. That he was a great actor, there is no doubt; that in light comedy he was very fine, is well known to one

who had the rare good fortune to see him once in private theatricals in Liverpool, when he delighted an immense audience. But as a reader, in this country at all events, and in my immature judgment, I was forced to set him down as a failure.

Some of his passages were admirable, but never the pathetic passages. I have shed more tears in my own room over the death of Paul Dombey, before and since, than Dickens brought to my eyes. Of course, he was affecting. The plaintive talk of the old-fashioned child to Florence and Mrs. Pipchin—his "Please tell Papa that I am better to-day"—was certainly touching; his trying in vain to press back the tide which seemed to be bearing him away to the sea; his kind messages, on his death-bed, to all his friends; his recognition of the Mother he had never known, as she stood on that shining bank; his last thoughts of his Father; his great love for his Sister; and his dying there with his cheek pressed against hers, his little hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, were very beautiful and very sad. There was, perhaps, not a dry eye in the room. But it was the old, old story over which every eye had been moistened before. It was what he read, not how he read it. It was the matter, not the manner, which moved his audience.

Again in that magnificent tempest scene from "Copperfield," than which there is nothing finer in the whole range of fiction, the picture of the storm on the wild coast, the sinking of the doomed ship, the noble death of the self-martyred Ham, the tall figure in the red cap; and Steerforth lying there, on the wet sand, with his head upon his arm, as David had so often seen him lie at school, all this was very affecting and very effective; but it was the good words of the Dickens who wrote them, not the good reading of the Dickens before us, which so pleased his hearers.

His old men were all alike. His Scrooge, and Justice Stareleigh, and Daniel Peggotty, and even his juvenile Toots, were all the same in tone of voice, although the expression of their

faces was different. His control of his facial organs was admirable; and this was the redeeming point in the entertainment. But his Squeers was Scrooge with one eye. His John Brodie was Emily's Uncle with a slightly different dialect. His Betty, the maid of Bob Sawyer's landlady, who, when wanted, was always found to be asleep with her head glued to the kitchen table, was the best thing he did; and the intense stupidity of his expression when she opened the door for Mr. Pickwick I have never seen excelled upon the stage. Nevertheless Toots had the same expression, and said "No consequence" in almost the same tone of voice. My ideas of Toots were all upset. Toots, as I had always known him, Toots, as he was portrayed by Tom Johnson and by Jefferson on the stage, was gone, and gone forever. The Toots of Dickens was entirely different, indescribably different, and I cannot even now reconcile myself to the change. It was a revolution in a long standing, almost intimate, acquaintance with Toots, which was very dreadful and not to be endured.

So it was with Micawber. Dickens's Micawber was not the stage Micawber of Burton or of John Brougham. Of course, Dickens must have understood his own Toots and his own Micawber better than they did. But to have men whom one has known familiarly for years shown up before one in an entirely new light is a severe trial. The light may be the true light, and the better light; but the old lights are to be preferred; and Toots and Micawber were never the same again. I was always glad he did not touch upon Miss Trotwood, or upon Mr. Dick, or upon Bunsby, or Cuttle, or upon rough and tough old Joey Bagstock, or upon Pecksniff, or Noddy Boffin, or Sampson Brass, or Chadband, or Bucket. I could not have stood any more upheavals of old conceptions of good old friends. I was thankful, however, that he did not pass over the elder Weller, in the Trial Scene. His "Put it down with a WE, me Lud; put it down with a WE," was immense! That was Tony's voice indeed; there was no revolution in that

case. He was Mr. Weller himself. He would have been recognized anywhere, and under any circumstances.

But Sam Weller was another and a bitter disappointment. No making believe very hard, after the manner of the Marchioness with the orange peel and water, could make me see, in the somewhat over-dressed, middle-aged gentleman on the platform of Steinway Hall, Sam Weller in the witness-box, even with the inimitable voice of his respected "parink" ringing in my ears.

Mrs. Micawber was better. Her devotion to Wilkins, and her dissertation on coals and the corn-trade were admirably well done; so was the croaking of Mrs. Raddle, Mrs. Pipchin, and Mrs. Chicks. But, as in the case of his old men, his old women were all alike; and he had the tact to avoid anything like the dialogue between Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig.

Perhaps my Great Expectations were

too great. But I looked for a good reader, at least, and found a poor one. I thought that everything which Charles Dickens would do or say would be well said and well done. As he once remarked of himself at a London banquet, he was "only human, and very human at that." He was, as the *Tribune* said of him at that period, "the Writer of Writers," but he was not, as the *Tribune* continued, "the Reader of Readers." He showed me no new beauties in his works, and he added nothing to my enjoyment of them. On the contrary, he introduced old scenes and old friends in new shapes of which I do not like to think. He killed my Sam Weller and my Micawber. All these years I have mourned doubly for the Ham who was "drowned" in the sea, and taken away from me on the platform. For all of these years I have been absolutely Toots-less!

(To be continued.)

Madame de Balzac

The Princess Radziwill's Reminiscences of her Aunt, Mme. Hanska, who Married the Famous Novelist

IN the following paper, the Princess Radziwill deals with her aunt, Mme. Hanska, famous as the woman Balzac loved and married, and left for many years a widow to cherish his memory. Another aunt, Mme. Balzac's sister Caroline, settled in Paris after the Revolution of '48, and married M. Jules Lacroix, a brother of the celebrated Bibliophile Jacob, who gave the Princess her first encouragement to try her hand at literary work.

Though their published correspondence has made the world familiar with the story of their love, the Princess Radziwill feels that it has not fully revealed the relations of the great novelist and his wife, nor given an adequate impression of her moral worth. In her opinion, the Polish woman, who has

come down to posterity merely as the object of his adoration, should be known as "the one being to whom he was indebted for the development of his marvellous genius, and as his collaborator in many of his works." According to her, "Modeste Mignon" is almost entirely the work of Mme. Balzac's pen. When Balzac wrote her, "With you moral satiety does not exist; what I tell you now is a great thing—it is the secret of happiness," he not only penned what her niece characterizes as "the best description of love that has ever been given," but "expressed in eloquent terms what every one who knew my aunt felt from the very first, and that was the fact that they stood in the presence of quite an exceptional being."



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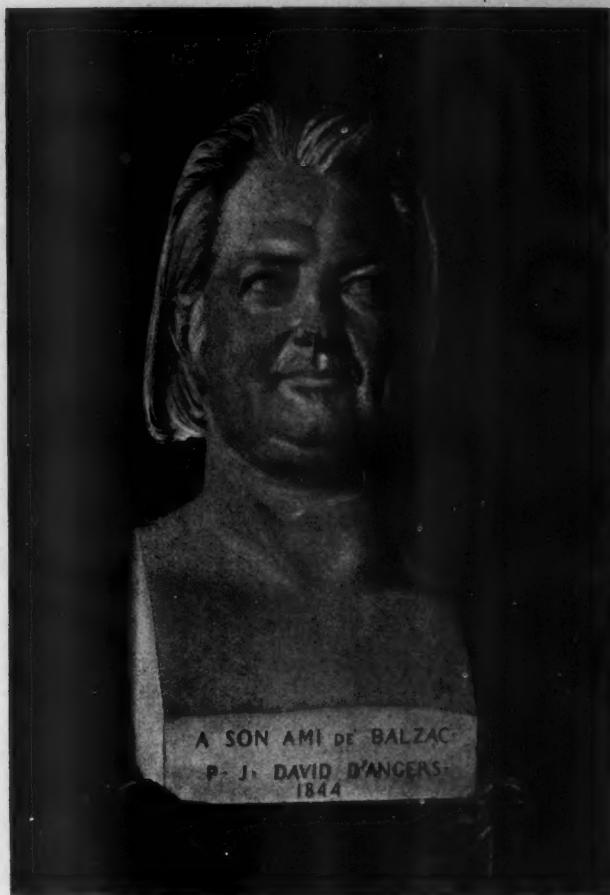
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MADAME DE BALZAC

Mme. de Balzac was perhaps not so brilliant in conversation as were her brothers and sisters. Her mind had something pedantic in it, and she was rather a good listener than a good talker, but whatever she said was to the point, and she was eloquent with her pen. Among her innumerable letters to me or my mother, there was not one which would not deserve to be printed. Political appreciations, written at the time of the Crimean war, are almost prophetic in their utterances. She had that large glance only given to superior minds which allows them, according to the words of Catherine of Russia, "to

read the future in the history of the past." She observed everything, was indulgent to every one.

Mme. Hanska's marriage with Balzac had much of romance in it, but those who have written of it have embellished the tale with untruths. My aunt, who had been married whilst a mere child to a man much older than herself, but possessed of immense wealth, lived a very retired life in the country, and hardly ever left Russia. Almost isolated, thrown on the companionship of a man certainly inferior to her in every way in spite of his solid qualities, she sought refuge in study and reading, in



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HONORÉ DE BALZAC

order to forget the secret disappointments she did not care to own to. She used to have all kinds of books sent on to her, and receiving one day one of Balzac's first novels, she was so impressed with it that she wrote to the author enclosing a criticism of the work, and sent it to his publisher. Balzac was so struck in his turn with her letter that he replied to her, and ever afterwards they exchanged letters, without meeting for several years. At last they did so at Geneva, and the admiration which the novelist had conceived for Madame Hanska's intellect was transferred to her person. He went to see

her at her Russian home, and spent months in that distant place. The house passed later on into my father's hands, who bought it from his niece, the Countess Mniszech, to whom it had reverted after M. Hanska's death. The rooms which Balzac occupied are still left in the same condition they were in when the novelist used to occupy them. His portrait, painted by Boulanger, of which mention is so often made in his correspondence, is hanging on the wall—the last memento of one of the great love romances of the world. I have often stood and gazed at it, and wondered at the details

of this romance, but my aunt never liked to hear the subject mentioned, though she was passionately devoted to the memory of her illustrious husband.

When Madame Hanska's husband died, it was supposed that her union with Balzac would occur at once, but obstacles were interposed by others. Her own family looked down upon the great French author as a mere storyteller; and by her late husband's people sordid motives were imputed to him, to account for his devotion to the heiress. The latter objection was removed, a few years later, by the widow's giving up to her daughter the fortune left to her by M. Hanska. This was followed by her re-marriage, after a "beautiful heart drama," as her husband called it, "which had lasted seventeen years."

Six months later Balzac died, and my aunt found herself for the second time a widow, with the burden of her husband's large debts, and that of his great name, which she bore with such dignity for thirty years longer. She never spoke of the blow his death had been to her. She must have felt it deeply, and she would not have been human if she had not cherished resentment against those whose opposition to her wishes had robbed her of some years of happiness; but if it was the case she never let any one guess it. Once only I heard her make a remark which gave me a strange insight into her inner life. We were talking about happiness in general, and I observed how very eager people were to interfere with that of their neighbors. My aunt looked at me for some time, then slowly said: "I think that this comes from the fact that so very few people understand what real happiness is; they mostly look upon it as a superficial thing, and treat it with that light-heartedness they apply to all other enjoyments of existence. If they understood and realized what it really means for those who consider life in its true and serious light, they would respect it more. If I had my way, I would bring children up to respect happiness just as one brings them up to respect religion: I would teach them that it must be reverenced

as we do all religions, even those we do not believe in."

After her husband's death, Madame de Balzac never left Paris, except to spend the summer at a property she had near Villeneuve St. George, called Beauregard. She had become very infirm and immensely stout. All traces of the beauty for which she had been renowned in her youth had disappeared, but the incomparable charm which had fascinated the author of the "Comédie Humaine," never left her. Her family, who stood in more or less awe of her, treated her with great respect and consideration. Her house was a kind of meeting-place where all events relating to the welfare of her kindred were discussed. We all of us had a great opinion of the soundness of her judgments, and liked to consult her in any difficulty or embarrassment in our existences. She was always indulgent, even when severe, and Aunt Evelyn, as we used to call her, was our refuge in many a sad hour, and a comforter in many a struggle when heart and duty were divided. We felt instinctively that she had sacrificed so much to what she considered to have been her duty, that she was the best person to point out where it really lay to those who were hesitating as to the path they ought to enter upon. My father (Count Adam Rzewuski), who was absolutely devoted to his sister, never failed to consult her whenever he was in doubt as to what he ought to do; but strange to say he was not, in spite of this feeling, in sympathy with her mind or her intellect. My aunt was very sceptical in matters of religion, and absolutely refused to bow before what she called superstitions. She had been very much under the influence of her own father, who was imbued with the Voltairean ideas which had taken hold, more or less, of every deep-thinking person at the end of the eighteenth century; she refused to accept the theory of a hell and of an eternal punishment awarded to crimes committed during the short time the longest life is, by comparison with eternity. She was very much against the influence of the clergy in private life, and always deplored the

abuse which was made of religion in relations and events with which it ought never to have had anything to do. I believe she thought on this subject more strongly even than she would own to in public, for she was always very chary of hurting the feelings of her neighbor.

She never left the little house Balzac had built and arranged for her when they were married. It stood at No. 22 Rue Balzac, on the spot where formerly stood the pavilion of the financier Beaujon, and where may be seen now the sumptuous mansion and gardens of Baroness James de Rothschild. Except a marble slab on the wall, which records that on that spot once stood the house in which died the author of the "Comédie Humaine," nothing remains to remind one of the two people whose love had filled the walls now pulled down and destroyed. I always avoid the street when I am in Paris. It is too painful to cross it and not to find the familiar landmarks, not to ring at the *porte cochère* which opened on the little courtyard whence one entered the house. It was a tiny habitation, full to overflowing with costly works of art, pictures, and old china. The long drawing-room, with its three windows, had a big fireplace, opposite which stood, on a table, the colossal bust of Balzac, by David d'Angers. My aunt used to sit between it and the fireplace at the middle window of the room, near a little table on which her books and knitting were laid. In this room, and near that table, all that was illustrious in French literature has congregated, and from the large arm-chair, in which she sat ensconced, some of the most trenchant criticisms on modern opinions and the events which have made our society what it is now, have been delivered. Madame de Balzac, though living absolutely retired from the world, never lost her influence over those who played a part in that world's drama or comedy.

She never, or hardly ever, entertained. Her daughter used at one time to go out a good deal in Parisian society, but the doors of the Hôtel Balzac, as it was called, were never

opened in the evening save to a few old and tried friends who, on certain days of the week, used to come and dine with its mistress, and her daughter and son-in-law, who lived with her. The painter Jean Gigoux was one of them, and remained my aunt's closest friend up to her death. Another personage, who used to put in a regular appearance on Wednesdays, always impressed my young imagination by the legend which surrounded his name. It was the famous Abbé Constant, known in Paris as Eliphas Lévy, a priest who had left holy orders, and whose life was devoted to the study of occult sciences, on which he had written many curious books, now forgotten except by those who take an interest in such things. L'Abbé Constant, a venerable figure with a flowing white beard and long hair, was supposed to be gifted with the talent of prophesying, and though he absolutely refused, except on one occasion, to exercise his knowledge in our behalf, my cousins and myself were always trying to induce him to tell us our future.

One of the circumstances which had given great prominence to the gift of fortune-telling which Eliphas Lévy was supposed to possess, was the fact that a few days before the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Sibour, was assassinated, a young man came to consult him [Lévy] on some business or other. The old philosopher told him to take care, as he was on the point of committing a great crime. The young man, who was none other than Verger, the murderer of the Archbishop, was so struck by this extraordinary guess that after he was arrested he exclaimed he was sorry not to have listened to the Abbé Constant. This made a great stir at the time, the more so that Eliphas Lévy, being an unfrocked priest, was naturally an object of suspicion, and I believe he was subjected to great annoyance in consequence of his warning to the youthful assassin. Whether this had anything to do or not with his subsequent reluctance to use his supposed knowledge of the future, I cannot say, but it is certain he did not care to be reminded of it.

My aunt was very fond of the Abbé Constant. Their religious opinions were, I believe, identical, and their minds were much alike in the firm grasp they had of the grave problems which have in turn shaken humanity, and brought it from belief to incredulity, and from false knowledge to true science. They both possessed that grave indulgence which is only attained in old age, and which can afford to smile on the self-content and arrogance inseparable from youth. Neither of them ever tried to impose their opinions upon others, or to convert the younger generation to their ideas. They knew that ideas as well as opinions change according as the lesson of life is learned, and that the young man who declares he will never alter is not to be blamed, but to be pitied for the inexperience which makes him think his judgment can never be modified by circumstances. They were both very reserved in the presence of strangers, and both nervously afraid of inflicting pain on any living creature. I have often wondered in later years whether this dread was due to the amount of suffering they had had to endure from others.

During the Franco-German war and the horrors of the Commune, my aunt remained in Paris. She was very infirm, and could hardly leave her arm-chair, but never thought for one moment of seeking safety in flight. Her property of Beauregard was occupied by the German troops, who considerably damaged it. A good many of her manuscripts were either stolen or burned, and a marble bust of herself, the work of the Italian sculptor, Bartolini, had its nose broken. In spite of our urgent request to allow the damage to be repaired, my aunt absolutely refused to do so. She was an ardent French patriot and liked to nurse the memory of her country's wrongs. The Bibliophile Jacob, who was not devoid of a certain spice of malice, declared that it was not so much the Prussians she hated as the Emperor Napoleon III., whom she accused of all the misfortunes which had followed upon the war, and whose share in it she wished to perpetuate by the sight

of her noseless image. It was true that my aunt was an ardent republican, with a strong tendency to socialism, but this did not prevent her from stigmatizing, as they deserved, the excesses of the Commune. And this brings me to another passage in her life, which it may amuse the public to hear.

During the last dreadful days of the struggle of 1871, the Hôtel Balzac was invaded by a detachment of insurgents. My aunt happened to be alone in her house when they burst into it. The leader of the band entered the room in which she sat, with his cap on his head, and began addressing her as "Citoyenne." Madame de Balzac, without showing the least discomposure, pointed to the head-dress of her interlocutor. "Take off your hat," she said; "I am not used to people talking to me with their heads covered; and call me Madame, I am too old to be addressed as Citoyenne." The man was so surprised that he hastened to obey her, and after many excuses left the house with his companions. My father was very fond of chaffing his sister on the incident, and to ask her what she would have done had the Commune proved refractory. "I would have pulled off his cap myself," she used to reply; "I was not going to let that ruffian be rude to me!" Upon which my father retorted by saying that she was not consistent in her radical opinions, and that she ought to have welcomed with open arms the representative of that democracy to which she professed herself to belong. The result was invariably a quarrel.

I have lingered more than I ought to have done on the character of my aunt, but she has exercised such a great influence on my own opinions and life that I feel I cannot dismiss her lightly, or in a few words. I owe to her all the good that is in me; I certainly am indebted to her for any power of resistance I may possess. But for her lessons and example, it is probable I would have been a different being from the one I have become, and might perhaps have been a better, but I certainly should have been a weaker one. She taught me that though circumstances

may break a human creature, they ought to be unable to make her bend under is them, when any vital principle at stake.

It was during the spring of 1882, on Easter Day, that Mme. de Balzac died. She was far advanced in the eighties, and for years had been a great invalid. Sad circumstances accompanied her demise, money losses, and the phantom of angry creditors crowding around her death-bed. Her daughter completely lost her head, and left the house immediately after the funeral. All my aunt's papers were thrown away by unscrupulous or careless servants, and found their way into a fruiterer's shop, where the Vicomte Spoelberch de Lowenjoul bought them, editing from

their contents the wonderful correspondence which has since been given to the world. It is an everlasting source of regret to me that I was not able to be in Paris at that time. I might, perhaps, have been able to save some of these family relics, and I would, at least, have had the comfort of being with my aunt during these last sad days. Her disappearance put an end to a chapter in my life of which I have only good and noble remembrances. With her died one of those rare beings who occasionally appear in the world to teach it how to get better. With her passed away ideas and opinions which are no longer heard, and in her death a great light went out.

The Point of View

"THAT little urchin playing in the ditch,
What think you he designs?—he 's throwing mud!
'T is in his lusty proletarian blood
To hate us, for, to him, we are *The Rich!*!"

"Ah, well, there 's more than that we must endure:
Look out! Young Auto and his motor-car!
Too late, with mud we both bespattered are;
'T is in his blood; to him, we are *The Poor!*"

TIMON OF GOTHAM.





Our Best Society

VI

ONE of the greatest enjoyments that I have in life is in talking over with Alice conversations that she has had with other people, or that I have had, or that we have both had. Letty Henderson's visit, I knew, offered many points of departure and topics for comment. Unfortunately, however, we found that if we were to call on Lily Valentine that afternoon we should do well to begin preparation at once.

"You know it takes you ages to get into your frock coat," Alice said warningly.

I groaned. Why I hate to assume afternoon magnificence I cannot tell. Once arrayed and in the street, I feel a self-complacency and a peace of mind that no other costume can confer on me. Indeed, on such occasions, I seem to have grown two inches taller.

"Well, I suppose I might as well start in." I walked to the wardrobe which we kept in the dark corner of our hall and I began to search for an absolutely sound white shirt. On one after another I found the cuffs either frayed with usage or with the premature decay caused by their visits to the laundry. At the bottom of the pile, however, I found one that, at a pinch, would serve. I looked at it ruefully, dreading the thought of forcing myself within its starched surfaces, and thinking mechanically that on the next day I must go and be measured for some new shirts.

"Hurry!" Alice called out, and I drew the shirt from the resisting pile, pressed down the other shirts with both hands, savagely aware that I was smashing several bosoms, and I walked into the room where Alice was calmly stepping out of one skirt into another.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Oh, I feel too lazy to go out," I re-

plied, lifting one hand to my forehead and letting the shirt dangle from the other hand. I shook my head despairingly. "If you knew the ordeal of getting into this over-laundered shirt, and the agony of buttoning the collar, and horror of tying that four-in-hand tie."

"Ned, I believe you are the laziest man on earth," said Alice, deftly slipping her arms into the bodice of her dress. "Here, button this."

"How I envy you your energy!" I said, as I reluctantly obeyed. "No," I went on, in reply to her charge, "I am not lazy, dearest. I simply have that greatest curse of the literary imagination."

Alice smoothed the side of the bodice with both hands, apparently not listening; but I was prepared to go on nevertheless. It was easier to talk than to dress. Besides, I was interested in my train of thought.

"What is the greatest curse of the literary imagination?" said Alice, absently. "Which of the many curses?"

"Anticipating work. Doing it in thought again and again and then finding it undone."

Alice rebuked me with contemptuous silence.

"Now I can just feel myself getting into this shirt. I can hear it crackle. Oh, why can't we wear *negligé* shirts all the time? Darling, we are slaves, slaves of convention, even playwrights who ought to be superior to such things. And as for playwrights' wives! All they think of is fashion!"

"I suppose you want me to put the studs in and the cuff-links."

"If you would, dear. And if you'd run a ruler through the arms."

Alice, already dressed, waited patiently till I had removed my shirt. "It's disgraceful," I lamented, "that a distinguished author should be obliged to let his poor, hard-worked wife re-

move his links and his studs from one shirt to another. He should have gold links and studs for dozens of shirts."

"Then his wife could have a street-dress that was really in season," Alice added, busily working.

"I was just thinking how fresh and pretty that blue gown looks. It has the marks of a Fifth Avenue tailor written all over it."

"Then those marks are forgeries and easily detected by any one with a good eye. Really, Ned," Alice went on with decision, "I must have some new frocks."

"Now is n't that curious?" I cried out. "I had a thought very like that a moment ago—about some shirts. Ugh! Now don't listen for a minute or two till I get this shirt on. Anything I may say will not be intended for your ears."

During the struggle that followed, Alice looked out of the window. There are certain bold Anglo-Saxon expletives that cause Alice to seem to eliminate herself from my presence. When she turned I was sighing deeply and feeling as if all the blood had gone to my head.

"You take things so hard, Edward, little things."

"Oh, my darling, I believe in power through repose as much as you do, and I know I could acquire the power if I could only attain the repose." I stood and faced Alice, assuming what I felt to be an angelic smile. "Now, while putting on my collar, I will try to illustrate repose. Just get a collar out of the drawer for me, won't you, please, the high chokers, you know, the agony-collars. I shall keep perfectly calm while you are getting it."

Alice looked at the interior of the drawer in stern reproof. She drew out a bunch of collars. "One of those frayed things?" she asked scornfully.

I looked at the mass and then I sank on the bed. "Select the one that bears the nearest resemblance to completeness," I said.

"What do you keep these old things for?" Alice asked, examining collar after collar.

"Because I have n't the courage to throw them away. There's something

about a collar that appeals to a remote miserly instinct which is at variance with my naturally generous nature. When a collar comes back from the laundry all bruised and broken, I simply have n't the courage to throw it away."

"Why not?" Alice asked, to keep me talking till she could make a selection.

"Because I realize that I have paid two cents to have it laundered and I feel that I must wear it once more, just once, to get the value out of it. Then I don't throw it away. Do you want to know why? Because you send it to the laundry again."

"Here," said Alice, passing me a collar. I was about to pass it back at once; but I restrained myself. "Then, my darling," I continued, fastening the collar to the button at the back of the neck-band, "when it comes home again, it is such a pathetic sight. But even then I cannot give it up. It shows a horrible weakness of character; but you might as well know the truth about me." I gulped, as I fastened one end of the collar to the front button. Here I thought I deserved a rest. "I assure myself that some day I will have courage to wear that collar—perhaps some rainy day, when I have to go out. But somehow that day never comes, and the collars accumulate."

"I'll throw them out to-morrow," said Alice, resolutely. Then she added with pleading in her voice. "Now, Ned, don't dawdle any more, please."

"But I am about to touch on a great truth, Alice. Well-dressed men are usually regarded by serious people as vain and shallow; but they are really men of courage. They are the men who dare to throw away collars and shirts that are only slightly frayed, and clothes that would seem perfection except to the keenest eye. They—"

"Oh, Ned, do hurry."

"I will, dear," I said, in dead earnest, and I seized a four-in-hand tie, my prize-beauty, black, with little dots of red in it. By working quickly, I hoped that I could make that tie come out just right.

"Bravo!"

Alice, who had n't dared to glance at me, looked relieved. "That's splendid," she said, to encourage me. "Now, do hurry."

"I have n't lost my temper, have I?"

"No."

"And was n't that a perfect exhibition of power through repose?"

"Oh, yes. It was beautiful."

Something prompted me to raise my hand to the collar-button at the back.

It had slipped under the neck-band and swiftly and noiselessly dropped, according to the law of gravitation.

I uttered a word that no gentleman should speak in the presence of a lady, even if that lady is his wife. It sent Alice straight out of the room.

The power that I had gained through repose quickly expended itself in a search for that lost collar-button. I had plenty of other collar-buttons, in fact, I was rich in them; but I was controlled by a determination to secure that particular button. After finding it, I felt utterly exhausted. I sat on the bed and looked wildly around. The apartment was pervaded with a terrible silence. Alice had doubtless seated herself in the nearest chair in the next room, and was waiting, with a patience which she knew to be divine and for which at some future time I should have to pay. Somewhere in the region of the kitchen, Mary was doubtless listening; in my imagination I could see her emerging at the door, ready to rush forward in case she should be needed for Alice's protection. I believe that Mary actually thinks that I am capable of beating Alice.

I rose and began dressing again. To get that button in its place, I had to destroy the beautiful effect I had achieved with my four-in-hand and take off my collar. My agitation had considerably crumpled the shirt-bosom, but at the thought of putting on a fresh shirt I became so upset that I had to reject it at once. Of course, I was unable to repeat my success with the tie; two such effects are never achieved in succession; but I resolved to be content with a mediocre result. Five minutes later I presented myself before Alice, shaking my shoulders in an effort

to make myself feel comfortable in the heavy frock-coat.

Alice surveyed me from my hair to my patent-leather shoes. I wondered what she would say.

"Have you really got everything on?"

"I don't think I'm likely to come apart," I replied, haughtily.

Alice rose with brisk importance. "As long as you don't lose your temper again, you'll be all right."

I might have made a hateful reply if, at that very moment, I had not caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. Again I had the pleasing impression of being taller than I was. Really, I thought, turning to survey my back, frock-coats were very becoming things for men. I wondered why I did not wear mine oftener. And the tie did not look so bad, after all. That careless effect was very pleasing.

Alice meekly lifted her voice. "When you've finished admiring yourself, we'll go."

"Well, come along then, dearest," I said and, drawing my arm around her, off we started.

We had reached the lower landing when it suddenly occurred to me that I forgotten to bring the scenario. I uttered an exclamation and I started up the stairs again.

"Edward!" Outside our own apartment, Alice invariably called me Edward.

I stopped.

"I've brought it."

"Oh!" I walked back sheepishly. "Well, that was very kind of you," I said, trying to turn the incident into a joke.

"I knew that you were in no condition to think of anything," Alice remarked as we passed out of the door.

"Well, my dear," I said, vaguely astonished by my own amiability, "I am lucky to have some one to think for me." I suppose the fact was that I felt delighted not to have to climb those stairs.

"What do men do when they have n't some woman to take care of them, I wonder?" Alice asked, in a pleasant,

impersonal tone, as we walked up the street.

"I suppose that before they get married, most of them are taken care of by their mothers," I replied, assuming the lofty manner that most of us adopt when we utter platitudes.

"But here in New York there are so many homeless bachelors."

"Yes," I said, with a long sigh. "And most of them are mighty comfortable. See that beautiful, brand-new building over there: it's for bachelors. Observe most of the fine apartment-houses with all the luxurious appointments: they are for bachelors. Never have bachelors received so much encouragement as they are getting now. It's a significant sign of the times."

"What do they do when they leave their apartments and find they have forgotten something?" Alice sarcastically demanded.

"Under their breath they generally utter the most shocking language."

Alice was prompt with her retort. "That's a habit they retain after marriage, is n't it?"

I felt so happy in my fine clothes and in the clear, cold atmosphere of the perfect autumn day that I merely smiled. Cold weather always makes me feel happy: it fairly lifts me to another plane; it often brings back to my mind bits of poetry that I supposed I had forgotten: sometimes it inspires me with the desire to sing, right in the street, too. When I get into one of these moods of elation Alice usually adopts her reproving manner, though I know that she responds to them and enjoys them with me.

At Fifth Avenue we found an enormous crowd, nearly all assembled on one side of the street. "Let us walk on the other side," said Alice, "where we can see the people—unless—" she added carelessly, "unless you insist on being a part of the show."

"We'll sacrifice the pictorial effect," I agreed, keeping to the left.

"It reminds me of the *Champs Élysées*," Alice remarked, making a reference to the two years she had lived abroad which, out of respect for my

feelings, is rare. She knows how I long to get over there and how out of it I feel when people discuss in my presence their European experiences. I have been put down so often by people who have been abroad. Sometimes I think I will go to Europe even if I have to take the first steamer back, just to be able to say I have been there.

"Only in place of the fat and greasy middle-aged Frenchmen with their funny plug-hats and with their families tagging behind them, Alice went on, "they nearly all look young and dapper."

"Yes," I assented, surveying the surging mass, "even those who are n't young have something youthful about them, perhaps, as you say, because they are so dapper. Only you must n't say 'plug-hats,' dearest. I'm afraid you've caught that from me."

"What shall I say?" Alice asked.

"Well, it's very hard to know," I replied, with a humility for which I gave myself full credit. "Silk-hat is tabooed and top-hat sounds affected. In fact, I make it a rule in my writing never to mention the article."

"I should think you'd be afraid of refining yourself out of the vocabulary. Your list of words to be avoided grows larger every day. If you don't look out, you'll have to write in the sign-language."

"I suppose that social prejudice has crept into that, too," I said with a sigh. "What a fearful slavery the refinements of civilization are! They merely multiply the channels of pain. Did you notice in Walter Hart's play the reference one of the characters made to a *Prince Albert* coat? I nearly fainted away."

"Well, it's a great thing to have the courage of your vulgarity. I really think that is one reason why Walter Hart is so successful."

"But when one is naturally refined, it is impossible to have that sort of courage, dearest," I retorted, and I would have gone on in this vein if I had not become aware that Alice had stopped listening. There are moments when Alice suddenly throws up barriers between us, invisible to the naked eye,

but plain enough to the trained married consciousness.

"Everybody looks so prosperous in New York," she said. "And in Fifth Avenue, on a Sunday afternoon, they all seem like millionaires."

"Bluff!" I exclaimed. "Front!"

"I suppose that's one reason why novel-readers here are so opposed to realism."

"They can't take anything at it's face value."

"Perhaps that's the mistake we've been making, Edward. We ought to get into the push."

"Darling, you must not use such language. People will think that your associations in the past have been very unfortunate." At that moment a fear, developed by my observation of those smart, handsome young men who were walking so furiously down the avenue, as if about to keep important engagements, shaped itself into a conviction. "Ah!" I said in a shocked voice.

"What?" said Alice, looking swiftly about in search of the cause of my exclamation.

"My frock-coat is n't right."

Alice surveyed it critically.

"What's the matter with it?"

"It's at least three inches too short."

"What of it? Who'd notice?"

"Everybody would notice — everybody who knows. Besides, the consciousness of it detracts from my aplomb."

Then Alice delivered a magnificent shot. "It's in keeping with my gown."

"I was just thinking that of all the gowns——"

"It's two years old."

"Just the age of my frock-coat," I pathetically remarked. "After all," I went on, "age is a purely relative thing, is n't it? Now——"

"Every woman knows that," Alice interrupted. "That's one reason why so many women are crazy to marry early. An unmarried woman is old at twenty-five. A woman who loses her husband at forty is considered a young widow."

"Ah, the possession of a husband is a great blessing," I murmured.

Our interest in the crowd did not deter us from observing the people in the landaus and hansom-cabs that dashed past us; but we agreed that, from our exalted social point of view, the people who thus exploited themselves, were not of a quality that we could approve. Among them were many women of a hectic radiance, driving alone or in twos, their millinery floating ostentatiously in the air, and their eyes returning the gaze of the pedestrians with a glittering coldness. These women we did not discuss. There are some subjects that Alice and I have never mentioned.

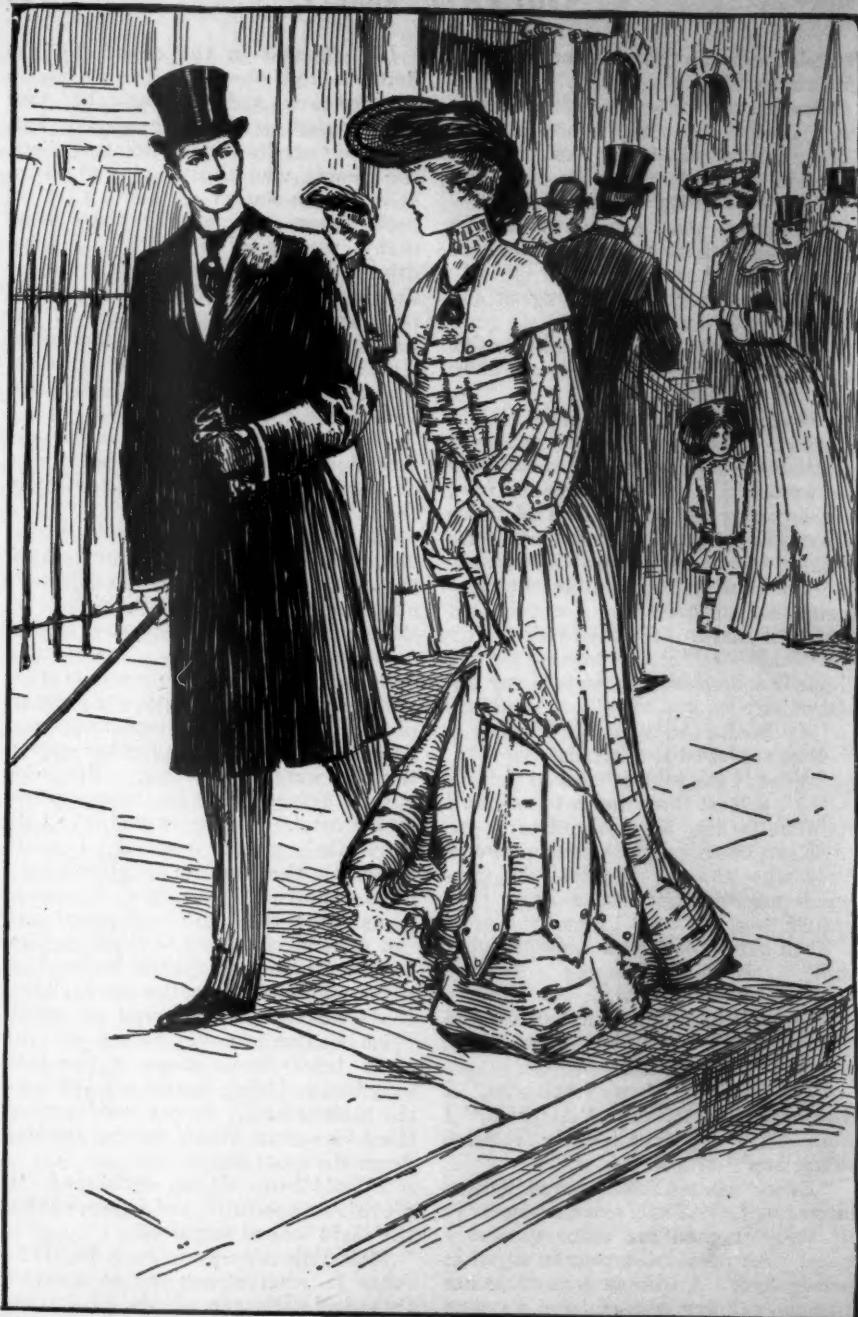
We became so interested in our observations that I proposed that we go on to the Park; but Alice resolutely shook her head.

"I believe that you would throw away this chance of a lifetime just for the sake of a walk that you could take any Sunday," she said. "Think of all the opportunities you must have missed in the past."

I had an impulse to exclaim that there was one opportunity, the greatest of all, that I had not missed, and, compared with that, all the other opportunities were as nothing. But with Alice I never dare to be inopportune sentimentally. As we turned into Lily Valentine's street, however, I could not resist the impulse to give Alice's gloved hand a faint pressure. It seemed years since the little excitement and the misunderstanding of the night before, and I had a prophetic feeling that such a cloud, no matter how slight, could never come between us again. With confidence we walked up the steep brown-stone steps in the long ugly block of brick houses and I pressed the electric bell. As the maid opened the door we saw Miss Valentine running down the front stairs.

"Well!" the actress exclaimed, "is n't this wonderful?" and I noticed that the maid looked surprised.

Miss Valentine gave both hands to Alice in what struck me as a rather theatrical welcome. "Mr. Holbrook, my manager, is here. He went out to his country-place in Jersey after the performance last night and he only



"MY FROCK-COAT IS N'T RIGHT"
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read about the accident this noon. So he must have come straight up on a train. I suppose he 's scared blue. He 's in there. I have n't seen him yet. Oh, I 'm so glad you 've come. Mr. Foster, you look as if you 'd grown six inches. Are you wearing high-heeled shoes?"

I was rather dazzled by this rapid firing; but not too dazzled to perceive that Miss Valentine wore an extraordinarily beautiful costume. It was loose and flowing and it seemed to be made of some filmy stuff, white with little blue and white flowers worked in it. I believe that she knew that I was observing the dress, for she said: "I 'm supposed to be an invalid. That is, I 've been lying down since I got back from Mrs. Smith's, and I have n't seen a soul though a lot of people have been here. Mrs. Smith would n't let me get up till twelve o'clock, the silly old thing. I believe she kept me in bed so that she could lecture me about the proper way to take care of my health. Now do come in and meet the great manager."

We passed through the hall to a room at the back of the house, which proved to be the library. It was lined with low book-cases, and the walls, covered with red burlap, were decorated with old prints and with photographs of theatrical celebrities. In one corner stood a young man with an exceedingly good-natured face and a slim figure, somewhat extravagantly dressed.

"Ah, there you are!" exclaimed Miss Valentine, with the air of quoting from a play. It must be a very old play, I thought.

"So you 're alive!" said the manager, walking forward into the light from one of the windows, and then I perceived, with some relief, that he was not so very young, after all. I confess that I dislike meeting successful men who are younger than myself. I suppose that is a low trait. I wonder if other men have it, and if they are always comparing men's ages with their own.

When we had been introduced, Miss Valentine waved her arm toward me,

the filmy material of her costume dangling from her wrist.

"This is the young man who was in the cab with me," she exclaimed.

"Then it was n't Hart?" the manager asked, plainly with relief.

"Thank Heavens, no! That 's just about as accurate as reporters usually are. After the work Walter 's been doing at rehearsals, an experience like that might have given him nervous prostration. Just reading that he had been in the runaway nearly threw him into a fit. He 's the most sympathetic thing, poor Walter," Miss Valentine rattled on, turning to Alice. "I 've just been talking to him over the 'phone."

"Well, naturally," said Holbrook with his beaming smile, "Walter does n't want his royalties shut off. We 're not putting in an understudy in this piece."

"He said he 'd come down to see me if he were n't an invalid."

"Too much supper last night, I suppose," said Holbrook, radiating again. He seemed to extract amusement out of everything.

"No, he 's got one of his colds, poor dear. The real trouble is that Walter 's been killing himself with work. I told him that, as he could n't come to see me, I 'd go to see him. Suppose we all go," she said, including Alice and me in her glance.

Holbrook broke into a loud laugh. To him life seemed to be a perpetual joke. "Lily, you 're a wonder," he said. "I expected to find you laid up in bed, with a half-dozen doctors around you, and here you are ready to go chasing around town as if nothing had happened."

"Well, it 's excitement that keeps me alive," said Miss Valentine. Then she seemed to become aware that she had not been giving us sufficient attention, and she turned to speak to Alice.

Holbrook, however, was not going to be pushed out of the game like that. "And after all those notices, too!" he said with a roar.

I reflected with astonishment that those notices might cost him thousands of dollars. And yet, he could be merry

over them. Such a sense of humor must be a fortune in itself.

"Were n't they awful?" Miss Valentine echoed. "Mrs. Smith did n't want to let me read them," she said, addressing Alice; "so, of course, I knew they must be roasts, and I told her if she did n't have them sent up, I 'd get out of bed and go out and bring them myself." She turned toward the manager again, and her face instantly reflected the radiance of his smile. "Do you think we can make 'em take it?"

"Oh, yes," he replied easily. "They 'll take anything from Hart nowadays."

"But on the road," Miss Valentine insisted, and, involuntarily, I exchanged glances with Alice.

Holbrook nodded his head with unshaken confidence. "Oh, it 'll hit 'em hard on the road." Such an optimist I had never seen. It was doubtless his optimism that made him appear so youthful. At moments he seemed twenty-five; but he must have been at least forty. "The jays will like the high-life, and the dressing, and all that."

The shock of hearing the expression *the high-life* made me glance at Alice again, but she was keeping her eyes resolutely fixed on the actress.

"Well, I don't know," Lily Valentine pensively remarked, holding two fingers at her lips. Then she suddenly faced me. "Have you thought of your scenario?" she said.

"Oh, yes, I 've thought of it," I replied, somewhat ill at ease, owing to my instinctive dishonesty in presence of Alice.

Nevertheless, Alice came to my rescue. "He 's thought of nothing else all day long."

"We 've had three heads working on it," I remarked, boldly resisting the temptation not to give Letty Henderson credit. If I did not mention Miss Henderson now, I might never mention her.

Miss Valentine did not seem impressed by the reference to this aggregation of brains. She stared impressively at her manager.

"Mr. Foster has a great play up his sleeve," she said.

For the first time since our introduction, Holbrook let his eyes rest on me. Then I was aware of a swift glance that seemed to pierce my innermost consciousness. He nervously shifted his seat, showing by his manner that I had assumed an importance in his estimation.

By the clairvoyance that only married people can understand, I knew that Alice and I were thinking the same thought: he had taken us for Miss Valentine's society-friends! I had to make an effort to hide my indignation.

Miss Valentine clasped her hands and leaned forward toward me in the attitude that she had assumed several times the night before during the play. I recalled that I had seen her photographed in the attitude. "Have you been working on the scenario?" Before I could reply, the actress went on: "Have you written it out *really*? Perhaps you 've brought it."

"I 've brought it," said Alice, with an ease that, at the moment, seemed to me one of the most remarkable feats in the world. For some ridiculous reason I felt as if I were about to drop out of my chair, and I was reminded of the times when, before callers, my mother used to discuss my appearance and the peculiarities that made me different from any child that ever lived.

"Oh, read it. Read it aloud." Miss Valentine urged. "If you only knew how I love Francesca, and how I long to be her."

I felt an inner elation too great to allow me to be shocked by the solecism. I observed, however, that Holbrook was rapidly losing interest and growing resentful. He was assigning me to a place among the playwriting bores who besieged him at his office with impossible plays and he was plainly disgusted at being trapped in this way. I suspected, too, that Miss Valentine was enjoying his discomfiture. His face had lost its radiance and had become blank; he actually looked older and plainer. I took a mean comfort in the discovery that his optimism could suffer a temporary eclipse.

The moment had come when I felt that I must speak of Letty Henderson; but, somehow, I could not. I was afraid that anything I might say about her would seem weak and silly. And then I felt a strange bitterness against the girl, as if she had robbed me of some of the glory I was about to snatch by means of that scenario. It was, of course, a shameful feeling; but I comforted myself with the assurance that there was something elemental in it, an expression of uncivilized nature that so often breaks out in us.

Alice passed me the manuscript. When I had finished reading the outline of the first act, Miss Valentine rose, gave the pillow on her chair several vigorous punches, and said: "Why, that's very interesting. It's very interesting."

The tone, more than the words, indicated such surprise that I wondered why in the world the girl had asked me to read. What had she expected? I made a mental note that, if I were not so busy, I should have a right to be indignant. However, I went on more animatedly, keeping an eye on Holbrook, who was enveloping me in that fearfully piercing gaze. I saw that he felt determined not to like my scenario if he could possibly help it and that it was to be a battle between us. So, though I apparently focussed my attention on the manuscript, I was really focussing my will on him. When I had finished, he sat unmoved, and I could not decide whether I had lost or won.

Lily Valentine, however, broke out into enthusiasm. "The last act!" she exclaimed. "They all fall down in the last act. But you've kept it up. How in the world did you do it? How clever you must be!" She almost hurled herself on Holbrook's chair. "Wake up, you foolish man! Now is n't that the best scenario you've heard for years?"

To my great relief, Holbrook allowed his blankness to be momentarily dispersed by his former radiance. "It's a very pretty scenario," he said, in a neutral tone, and he eyed me as bank-cashiers eye strangers who present checks.

"Ever written any plays before?" he asked, his manner making it plain that he had ceased to meet me on a social basis and had got down to business, where no advantage could be expected.

When I had shaken my head, Miss Valentine burst out: "But he has a genius for playwriting. If he did n't he never could have held it up like that in the last act. Oh, I was afraid you were going to let it drop," she said, with horror in her tone.

Instantly I perceived that if I did not then and there speak of Letty Henderson I could never look Alice in the face again. A clammy perspiration seemed to break out all over me. I was afraid that I might not be able to force myself to speak. Then I said, with surprise at the fulness of my voice:

"I don't deserve credit for that."

Miss Valentine waved her hand toward Alice. "Oh, it's Mrs. Foster!" she exclaimed.

"It's Miss Henderson," I said, and, somewhat astonished, I found that it was easy to speak now. "I wrote another third act and Mrs. Foster did n't like it. I can see now that it was very weak. When I read the scenario of the act to Miss Henderson this afternoon she gave it just the twist it needed."

"Well, is n't she a dear!" said Lily Valentine, and, to my intense relief, I saw that by my confession I had lost nothing in her regard. I felt, too, that I had not dropped in the manager's opinion.

"It's something to recognize good ideas when you hear them," said Holbrook, and I experienced a sudden change of feeling toward him. A moisture came into my eyes. "It's about as valuable as being able to think them up yourself."

These last words gave me a sensation that was just a little painful. They made me recognize that I was entering a world where, without shame, ideas were borrowed and even stolen. In my own business of novel-writing, we tried so desperately to be original!

"It's wonderful, the way Walter Hart picks up ideas," said Miss Valen-

tine. "Everything under the sun suggests them to him. Often when I've been walking along the street with him, or working on the stage at rehearsal, something will be said or done, and *Whoop!* Walter says, 'I can use that!' And he never thinks of writing the ideas down. They just pop into his head, and they stay there till they're ready to pop out."

Lily Valentine rose from her seat and darted toward the door. It was plain that she was one of those people who lose little time between thinking their thoughts and acting on them.

"It won't take me two minutes to change my gown and—*Bing!* I'll be ready to go out with you. Meanwhile, Great Author and Great Manager, confer! And oh, Mrs. Foster, you don't want to stay here with these men, do you? Come up with me, won't you, please?"

Instantly, I perceived that she could not have made a greater hit with Alice, and I inwardly blessed her.

"Of course!" Alice said, laughing, and away they went, leaving both Holbrook and me mighty uncomfortable at being so unceremoniously confronted with each other. The situation prompted Holbrook to defend himself by offering me a cigar. "Miss Valentine won't mind," he said carelessly.

Now, I like to smoke a fragrant, mild cigar; but that cigar, as I at once perceived, was a terror. It was long and black and twisted, altogether a villainous-looking object. I knew it would make me feel miserable; but I had not the courage to refuse it. I had a silly feeling that if I did refuse it, I should in some way lose my grip on Holbrook.

I took it with what I intended to be an indifferent air and I fiercely bit off the end. If Holbrook had intended to rebuke me, he could not have resorted to more effective means than he employed. With the deliberateness of a great actor, he rose from his seat, approached a small table where a silver tray stood, drew from his trousers pocket a silver-mounted penknife, and, with the tip of one of the blades, he delicately beheaded his cigar over the tray. Meanwhile, I was holding my

cigar in my mouth, getting a foretaste of the ordeal to come. I had a sickly remembrance of those pleasant mild Havanas that I had smoked at the Van Zandts', and I blamed myself bitterly for not having courage enough to refuse to martyrize myself.

Holbrook cast a glance around the room and, not discovering matches, he drew a silver match-box from his silk-waistcoat, and passed me a light, letting his fingers lightly touch mine. Every move he made had the ease that comes from perfect confidence. Never had I been so impressed by an exhibition of the successful man of the world, and never had I felt more envious and resentful. Walter Hart's manner had depressed me without exciting envy; but, while resenting Holbrook's manner, I felt a hopeless ambition to be exactly like him.

When we had re-adjusted ourselves in our chairs, settling into the comfortable attitude that men take when they are smoking, and had begun to draw on our cigars, Holbrook said: "How long have you been writing plays?"

I had just taken a deep inhalation, and received the first assault. A moment before, I reflected, I had felt so well.

"I've never written one," I replied, and from sheer awkwardness I had to take another long puff. I would not allow myself to take the short nervous puffs of the amateur smoker, anxious to get the cigar out of his mouth before it bit him.

"Well, there's a lot of money in play-writing," Holbrook remarked, throwing back his head, his eyes, face, and his whole body expressing the seraphic peace of the born smoker, deepening in proportion to the strength of the tobacco.

"Yes, if you hit it off!" I said, with a wretched pretence of laughter. I could see my image in the long gilt-framed mirror on the opposite wall, and I kept a sharp watch on my complexion.

"Yes, of course," he said, with a faint hint of impatience with my truism.

Then a long silence followed, in

which I watched the curtain of smoke that formed between us. Meanwhile, I did deadly execution on myself. I think I took at least five puffs in succession. At every puff, I could feel my whole nervous system writhing. I don't know why it is, but strong tobacco does not affect me as it does other people; with me, it's the nerves.

I resolved to take a rest. I would hold the cigar between my fingers for as long a time as I could stand the embarrassment. Then I began to fear that the light would go out.

"I'm pretty worried about this piece of ours," Holbrook went on, and, to my alarm, I noticed that his voice seemed a few feet farther away than it had been before. "Of course, I didn't want to let *her* know," he explained.

I could not think of anything to say, and after a few moments, it occurred to me that my silence was rather impressive. At any rate, it gave me a few moments in which to recuperate. I looked forward with dread to the moment when I should have to tackle that cigar again. Suppose, I thought, I should rise and quietly place the cigar on the table. That might be taken by Holbrook as an indication of disapproval and might give me a distinct advantage, even though it would undoubtedly incur his secret resentment. But I felt as if I could no more cross the room at that moment than I could walk along the ceiling. I was indissolubly attached to the chair, my inclination being to sink deeper and deeper within its embrace.

"If this thing does n't go, we've got to have something for Lily," said Holbrook, with determination, and I raised my arm mechanically and placed that infernal tobacco between my lips again. I realized that I was in a very delicate position; I naturally could not criticise Walter Hart's play, and I must not show too great an eagerness to secure a commission from Holbrook.

"I don't know just what Hart's doing now; but I think he could make a mighty fine play out of that scenario of yours."

At the sound of these words, my heart gurgled. These are the only

words that describe the sensation. For protection, I kept the cigar in my mouth, but I did not puff on it. I could not speak.

"You two fellows might get together and see if you can't write a play in collaboration. Would you be willing to do that?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, and then I called myself a fool and a coward, and various other uncomplimentary epithets. I wondered if Holbrook had cleverly planned his suggestion with regard to Hart's using my scenario in preparation for the idea that we collaborate, as if he had merely made a chance shot. In either case, I should have a sorry report to make to Alice. The consciousness of my stupidity caused me to take several fierce puffs of that cigar. My nerves began to vibrate, like the wires of a piano out of tune; a fine perspiration broke out on my forehead, and my whole being was pervaded by a sensation which I can only describe as uncanny. Again I looked into the mirror, and, either from the effect of the afternoon light, modified by the shades of the window, or from my nervousness, or both, I saw that my face had turned to a shade of pale green.

With each puff the strength of that cigar had gone on increasing and I had reached the point where only one-half was left, a remnant of intense vitality. I resolved not to force my lips to touch the thing again, and I looked vaguely about for a receptacle into which I could toss it without being observed. But Holbrook would not take his eyes off me. I felt myself sinking into a sickly lethargy, from which it seemed I should never recover; my arms had doubled their natural weight and my legs ached.

"I don't know how he'd be to work with," Holbrook said at last. I had begun vaguely to wonder if he would ever speak again, and I noted with surprise that he still appeared to be perfectly at ease. "He's written a couple of plays with Jimmy Burnham. Oh, they were adaptations!" he added, shrugging his shoulders. "Jimmy is a great French and German sharp, and

he's always chasing after foreign plays to be fixed up for this country." The manager smiled knowingly. "Most of 'em have to be cleaned up a good bit before we can do anything with 'em." He stroked his close-shaven chin with one hand. "I don't believe he'd care especially about collaborating. Still you might try."

At that moment I was not in the mood to contemplate anything that cost an effort. I had reached the plane in my consciousness characterized by extreme ugliness. The hatred that I felt for Holbrook for having given me that cigar annihilated all other feelings. I was no longer afraid of him; I had no further ambition to impress him. I merely felt miserable, and I resentfully wondered what I should do when Alice and Lily Valentine came down and I should have to rise from my chair. At that instant they both appeared. Holbrook leaped from his seat and I made a feeble pretence of rising, by resting both hands on the sides of the chair and leaning forward.

"Mrs. Foster and I have a fine idea!" Lily Valentine exclaimed. In her tight-fitting black suit, she looked slimmer and more delicate than I had ever seen her. I wondered how so frail a girl could endure the strain of acting night after night for a whole season.

"What's that?" Holbrook asked, his face beaming again. One might have imagined that the girl had made a brilliant sally.

"We think that Walter Hart and Mr. Foster ought to collaborate!"

Holbrook became convulsed with laughter. "That's exactly what I proposed a minute ago!" he cried, in a loud voice.

"Oh!" said Miss Valentine in a tone suggesting that the idea had lost its novelty and, in some remote way, conveying a rebuke. Holbrook immediately drooped.

"I don't feel by any means certain that he'll do it," the actress went on. "Still you might ask him, Mr. Manager."

"Well, I guess I'll leave that to you!" Holbrook exclaimed, recovering his good-humor, and springing to his

feet in a way that suggested athletic training.

I rose heavily and, as we started to leave the room, I rested my hand lightly on Alice's arm. "What's the matter?" she whispered.

"Are you going to walk?" Holbrook asked, and we were all bunched together so that I had no chance to allay Alice's anxiety.

"Yes. Why not, on this lovely afternoon?" said the actress.

"I have a cab out here with room for two in it. You and Mrs. Foster might take it, and Foster and I will walk."

"We don't want your old cab," the actress impatiently replied. "We'll meet you over at Walter's."

"Oh, but I'm not going," Holbrook said, with a display of his fine white teeth. "Wallie has seen enough of me for the past few days. I've got to have a heart-to-heart talk with him tomorrow and I'll give him a little time to get ready for it."

"I suppose that means cutting and more rehearsing?" Miss Valentine lamented. "Well, good-bye," she added, with a sudden assumption of haughtiness and, as Holbrook pulled back the door of the cab, we walked unceremoniously away. It seemed to me a curious situation; but just then I felt too wretched to trust my judgment; I should have to let Alice interpret it to me later. I was content to walk on heavily. I knew then how our elephantine domestic must feel as she ploughed her way through life.

"Is n't he a very enterprising person?" said Miss Valentine, addressing me, as we turned into Fifth Avenue, and I was struck by the oddity of the remark.

"He must be clever to have advanced so far at his age," I replied, rather lamely.

"Oh, he's desperately clever," Miss Valentine agreed, with an air of aloofness that indicated a lack of interest. Then she added, as if definitely dismissing the manager from the conversation, "I do hope we sha'n't find poor Walter sick in bed. I really could n't tell how he felt from what he said over

the telephone. I believe he 'd act or make jokes on his death-bed." She surveyed the crowded avenue, taking a deep inhalation of the cold autumn air, which I was inwardly blessing for its restorative qualities. It was not nearly so hard to walk straight now as I had feared it would be. By keeping my lips slightly parted and by breathing quickly, I seemed to cleanse my whole system. Alice, I knew, was covertly watching me, and I suspected that she had divined the cause of the trouble. The walk must be bringing a little color into my cheeks.

"Ah, New York, New York! How I love it!" Lily Valentine rhapsodized. "People who can live here all the time have no idea how they are blessed. Every one of them ought to be obliged to spend a few months of the year, as the actor people do, on the road. Then they 'd be properly grateful."

If I had felt well enough, I should have argued that New Yorkers appreciated their city altogether too much; they were as provincial as any people in the world. Lily Valentine had unwittingly touched on one of my favorite topics; but I was hoarding rather than expending my energy, and I let the remark pass. I suppose we all have favorite topics. It always terrifies me when I hear another man starting to hold forth on one of his, especially if he is a brother-writer. And when the topic happens to be one of my own favorites, on which I hold different views, the effect is agonizing.

"Ugh! the thought of going out on the road makes me so sick!" the actress went on. We had fallen in with the procession and, all along the line, it was plain that our companion was recognized. She held her head high and swung forward, looking very tall and angular, and either unaware of the people who tried to bow to her or deliberately ignoring them. I noted her demeanor as an amusing exhibition of the effect of public success on extreme youth. How delightful it must be, I thought, to be so important and so young at the same time!

"Still it must be a comfort to have so much variety in your life," I heard

Alice say, as some pushing young men, in order to get a good look at the actress, walked between us.

"Variety!" Lily Valentine repeated, and I hurried to catch up, fearing to lose any of her talk. "When you have nothing but variety, it becomes as terrible as monotony. And, after all, we don't have variety, really. The small towns we visit are about all alike, and, from the front, the audiences look exactly the same. The only point of any importance to us is whether there 's a good hotel in the town. But New York!" The actress sighed rapturously and gazed across the street at St. Patrick's Cathedral: the wide-open doors gave a distant view of the gleaming altar, making a contrast to all the worldliness about us that appealed to my literary sense. "Every brick in the streets I love! Some day, when I get old and played out as an actress, I 'm going to hire a room over a shop on Broadway near Thirty-fourth Street, and I 'm going to spend all my time hanging out of the window."

Before we reached Walter Hart's house, I felt very much better, almost equal, in fact, to sustaining a call on the great dramatist. Miss Valentine turned at the tall iron gate with the low steps leading to the entrance. The house was so different from the long stretch of hideousness on either side of the street that I had often observed it with curiosity.

"This house is Walter all over!" the actress whispered, apparently fearing that Hart would hear her, as we stood in the little porch. "Such a place you 've never seen in your life. Even out here you see how fantastic and pretty it is. No one in New York but Walter Hart would think of having the house built back like this, and making this attractive approach. And did you notice what a nice effect he has made with common, ordinary brick, and how he has varied the old-fashioned rigidity of the colonial architecture, by those little figures he has had built into the wall. He planned it all himself and, instead of going to Europe one summer, as he always does, he stayed at home just to watch the architect and

workmen. That poor architect! Walter must have driven him crazy. When the architect would say, 'Oh, such a thing is impossible, Mr. Hart!' Walter would put his hands in his pockets and rise up and down on his toes and say, 'Well, go ahead and do it.' He gives beautiful impersonations of that architect."

Miss Valentine might have gone on indefinitely with these revelations if, at that moment, the butler had not opened the door and admitted us. We entered an extraordinary room: literally, a marble hall, with a fountain in the centre, from which a gentle stream of water flowed, descending upon a mass of large, light-colored flowers that kept bobbing merrily. From the back ran a flight of broad marble-steps, at the

head of which, as soon as the door closed behind us, a strange figure appeared, dressed all in flowered silk, loose, light-gray, bloomer-like trousers, and a long, flowing reddish-brown coat.

Instantly I was reminded of a Chinese mandarin.

"Oh, is that you, Lily? I'm delighted to see you. And you've brought that haughty young man."

Hart had come forward noiselessly, as if his feet were clad in sandals, and he gave Alice a smile of welcome.

"I'm not supposed to be seeing any one to-day," he explained. "But I'm delighted that you've come just the same."

Then I suspected that he had been listening over the stairs.

(To be continued.)

Cromwell*

By WILLIAM WATSON

LATE was the Voice that called thee forth to fame,
O mighty Captain. When the tempest rose,
Thou didst awake and arm thee for thy foes.
Then, labor, warfare, triumph, power, acclaim;
The height that was a throne in all but name;
And after lordly life a kingly close.
Then, foul dishonor done to thy repose.
And then, how slow! the adjudging ages came.

And art thou summed at last and measured? Nay.
For what is princely puissance? 'T is to stand
On tops and turrets of the blazing day,
Thy speech and acts all naked, thou alone
Concealed; thou only, save to Him that planned
The labyrinthine hearts of kings, unknown.

Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,—

Miss Corelli is not ready with her new book, therefore a great many pretty, fluffy-haired little typewriter-girls, who flop down on the sea-shore for a fortnight, and a great many able-bodied servants, at present enduring, or shortly to endure, the hardships and limitations of board wages, will, for their intellectual repast, as well as for their beer, have to go on short commons. There are, however, compensations. Mr. E. F. Benson, with "The Challoners," and Mr. J. C. Snaith, with "Broke of Covenden," offer us consolation. Here are two really diverting books. Mr. Benson all know well—he never fails to amuse; but Mr. Snaith has hitherto been less known. His book, "Broke of Covenden," will probably be read and quoted for some time to come. I think that there are no books so good at the present moment as "Broke of Covenden" and "The Challoners." The success of "Broke of Covenden" lies in its humorous situations and its grotesque character drawing—of these I mean to give some specimens. Mr. Broke himself we may almost pass over. He was a blue-blooded, proud old fellow, who might have stepped out of the middle ages, and so poor that he might have been called Stony Broke of Covenden. His children—he had for the enlightenment of his life one son and six daughters—and his immediate relations are the source of endless fun through the whole six hundred pages of the book. Mrs. Broke, being a great disciplinarian, had educated her daughters in the Spartan manner, and, in the words of one of their sporting relatives, "the little chestnut fillies had been broken to harness before they had their teeth." Their austere mother had taught them that girls without money could not afford to keep minds of their own—"until they were married that was." In one thing, at any rate, Mrs. Broke had been successful: her daughters never failed to "respond to the hand." They would have trotted prettily,

without blinkers, over the face of a precipice had the president of their destinies so ordained, and had it been necessary to make them quail she was the one person with the requisite knowledge and power. In other ways Mrs. Broke could not boast of success, for the horoscopes of these charming little fillies had been cast in the days of extreme competition, when nearly every girl was equipped with beauty, with a nasal accent, or a million sterling, and there were phenomena even, as Mrs. Broke read now and then in the social columns of our newspapers, who had all these gifts in one. The Misses Broke, of Covenden, had none of the fal-lals of the middle classes. They were straight ash sticks—tenacious saplings from a tree that had withstood the ravages of time. Unfortunately their accomplishments ended and began in a knowledge of horse; they had ridiculous noses, and "the sum and assemblage of their minds was small." Their mother, to whose lot it fell to represent their qualities to the world, could do no more than hint that they were inalienable blood-stock, and that "their names were in the book." She therefore put her trust in God, and kept her powder dry, and ordered her household like a military camp. The laws of the excellent Medes and Persians might alter, the Greek Kalends might arrive, the earth might run against the sun, but eight o'clock was the hour at which they sounded the gong at Covenden Hall. To speak plainly, adopting the bold imagery and profuse alliteration of their sporting Uncle Charles, "Those little fillies are like that bow-legged bull-bitch of mine—a darn' sight too full of breed. You'll never marry 'em, Jane, any more than my little bitch will ever get a prize at the show." Although Uncle Charles had no faith in his sister's powers of finding husbands for his "little fillies," he had every confidence in the prowess of his nieces in the field. Hence the following spirited speech to old General

Paunce—"Hell-fire Harry" as they call him:

I said, "General, we're not swells, we're not; we're not the Belvoir, and we're not the Quorn; but if we can't show these Cockney sports a thing or two I'll hand in my portfolio. General," said I, "we'll have out the ladies, and we'll have out those little chestnut fillies o' mine, every damned Broke of 'em"—those were my very words—"and they shall show 'em the sort we are in the Parkshire. They shall show 'em whether we are in the provinces or not. No pace, have n't we? We'll give 'em twenty minutes on the grass, and if one of 'em can live with old Vanity and those little Miss Muffits o' mine, I'll die a blue-ribboner. General," I said, "those little fillies o' mine are not fashion-platers, they're not; no new-fangledness and general damned impudence in that stable; they're not Hyde Parkers neither—none o' your waltzin' on the tan; and they are cut nearly as pretty about the muzzle as their Uncle Charles."

Uncle Charles was no less a person than the Right Honorable Charles Chevenix, Thirteenth Baron Bosket, of Hipsley, in the kingdom of Great Britain, specimens of whose extreme conversational style may be read with amusement, if not advantage, in Mr. Snaith's pages.

Scene: Breakfast-time at Covenden (the Miss Brokes may be pictured eating "Quaker Oats"). "Mornin'," he said, with a large gesture that embraced one and all in a manner that was at once the perfection of the affectionate and the casual. "How are my little cockyoly birds this mornin'? Pert as robins, and as sharp as hawks! Peckin' are they; noses in the manger? Toppin' up with porridge and bacon and a bit of marmalade? What, no marmalade! Here, my boy, the marmalade *at once*."

While this commodity was being procured, he wagged his head and muttered, "Must have marmalade," in various keys. On its appearance he examined it as critically as a bushel of oats he was about to give a favorite mare, and set out on a tour of the table, dabbing a huge spoonful on the plate of each of his nieces.

Wherever sportsmen congregated, Lord Bosket's name was a household word. He was the patron and arch-priest of every manly exercise. Himself no anchorite, he dispensed *largesse* among all sorts and conditions of men—and women. His head was bald, his

legs were crooked with addiction to the saddle, and his face, empurpled by wind and rain, was like an over-ripe tomato. In his teeth he held a straw, and in his hunting scarf he wore an enormous pin, cast in the device of a fox. "It was not easy for any, save the specialist in fine shades of gentility, to discern where the groom ended and the gentleman began."

If Lord Bosket was amusing, Lady Bosket, otherwise Aunt Emma, will be found more so, though in a different way. Lady Bosket was a tall, gaunt woman, with scraggy features and high cheek-bones. Superiority was her prevailing note, and everything about her proclaimed it. Whether it was the way she wore her black hair, or the prose with which she enriched our literature, her opinions or her petticoats, the carriage of her carnal body, or the conduct of her immortal soul, she never ceased to convey the impression that she was not of the particular company in which she had the misfortune to find herself. As Lord Bosket said in his epigrammatic way:

"The first time you hear the voice of the missis a sudden sort of feeling comes over you, don't you know, that your money's on the wrong hoss. The second time you hear it you want to commit a murder. The third time, you understand why a dog howls. The fourth time, the referee counts you out, up goes the sponge, and you ask to go home."

Lady Bosket was a writin' woman. She might well have been president of the New London Lyceum Club. As it was, she was President of "the Lady Lionesses." "She believes she's Doctor Johnson, and her head's so big that Spink has had to build her a new tiara." Lady Bosket had studied Shakespeare, and having proved him to be Bacon, she read "Othello" in a pigsty to preserve the tradition of environment.

"She walks into my snugger," complained Bosket, "to study 'Paradise Lost.' That's a nice way to treat a fellow! I've always been a good husband to her. I told her to go to the devil, and she would be able to read Dante. 'Charles,' said Lady Bosket, 'you are deficient in soul. You've got no aesthetic perception, Charles. Charles, you are given over to the brute.'"

When Lady Bosket published a new

work, such as "Poses in the Opaque" or "Weeds in the Grass," great critics wrote scholarly and closely reasoned articles to prove that genius was no longer arrogant. As to style, she traced her literary parentage back to Dr. Richard Hooker; although very properly she liked it to be understood that the first place in her esteem was reserved for the band of contributors to the New Testament. It was said that the loveliness of Lady Bosket's character was "powerless to redeem the unseemliness of her works." To visit a gallery wherein was a marble upon which Michael Angelo had forgotten to place a pair of trousers would quite spoil her day. She went about draping the legs of pianos. To the pure it is said all things are impure.

Lord Bosket having absented himself in London for a fortnight for no satisfactory reason, returns home, and wishing to find out at the earliest possible moment the attitude of "the missis," addresses his butler thus:

"How's her plumage, Paling?"

"Standing up, my lord."

"What, ho! you had better get me a whiskey and soda, then, before I go to face the music."

Lady Bosket is then discovered sitting on a revolving chair before a desk dictating the pellucid lines of "Love Eclectic: a Sonnet Cycle." Beside her sat a second lady, severe of aspect, a spinster by force of circumstances, a typewriter by necessity—the thirteenth daughter of a country clergyman. Lord Bosket had often remarked that his wife was much worse than her "Collected Works"—that Hipsley edition in twelve majestic volumes, each equipped with an introduction by a professional purveyor of prefaces to classic authors. He respected neither the works nor the authoress, and at this interview he played football with the collected writings of Emma, Lady Bosket, and followed this up promptly by smashing an oleograph portrait of the authoress painted by an alumnus of Burlington House, and well smacking the original as she crouched terrified before him. He then took the gifted lady by the hair and dragged her from among the *débris*. In so doing the greater portion of her hair, in the form of a *toupee*, came away in his hand. Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, August, 1904.

"Good Old Hannah Glasse" and Her Cook-Book

By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

THERE has lately come into my possession a little rare book, which is of far too great interest for me to keep the knowledge of it to myself. I know it is said to be a weakness of the collector to expect the rest of the world to share his enthusiasm over his last new treasure. But, making every allowance for natural prejudice, I still think that the discovery of an American edition of Mrs. Glasse is an event of sufficient bibliographical importance to be put on record.

It is true that, in a way, Mrs. Glasse has been absurdly overrated. Never was there a more flagrant case of a reputation forced upon a woman by sheer luck. Everybody has heard of

her cookery book, though it is no better than a dozen others by women who were as popular in her day, but who are now forgotten. I have never ceased to wonder at the number of accomplished ladies who felt called upon to write and publish cookery books in an age when the public practice of any profession was thought "unwomanly." Mrs. Mary Eale, Mrs. E. Smith, Mrs. Baffald, Mrs. Moxon, Mrs. Cleland, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Martin, and a whole legion more, were serious rivals to Mrs. Glasse during her lifetime. Their books sold as well, most of them going into as many editions as hers. I have Mrs. Elizabeth Moxon's "English Housewifery" in

the thirteenth edition, and Mrs. Smith's "Compleat Housewife"—the book, it will be remembered, that Smollett put into Mrs. Grizzle's hands in the eighteenth. From a literary and culinary point of view some of these ladies left Mrs. Glasse far behind. She was not a specially good cook, she was a shockingly bad writer; indeed, it was her boast that her book was not "wrote in the high polite stile." But then she had the rare good fortune to be talked about by Dr. Johnson, an advertising genius born out of his time. Moreover, she was said not to exist, she was reported to have written what she did not write,—it was all this gossip that turned her into a notoriety. And so, while poor Mrs. Smith and the rest went the usual way of Dead Ladies, Mrs. Glasse was immortalized. For her old rivals, no one now has a thought, except a conscientious collector of cookery books like myself. But Mrs. Glasse has grown into a household name, a literary tradition. She was still "good old Hannah Glasse" to the journalist of yesterday: she is still "the late lamented Mrs. Glasse" to the newest writer on gastronomy of to-day. She has a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography." In a word, she has become, through the merest chance, the personage that nothing she ever did or wrote could have made her.

But, bibliographically, it is quite another matter. Her book is remembered, and that makes all the difference. Like most cookery books, meant not for honors in the library, but hard usage in the kitchen, it has grown rare, and, unlike the great majority, it is all the more sought after because of this rarity. In the "pot folio" of the edition hitherto considered the first, it is a prize for the *"editio princeps man."* But, even in this respect, it is curious how much is due to chance. I purposely use the qualification I should once have thought unnecessary in speaking of this edition, because recently the first of all has been claimed for Ireland with excellent evidence, which, naturally,—as I do not own the book,—I would prefer not to accept. Anyway, the famous

"pot folio,"—which I do own,—is really not as rare as the little-known fourth edition, with the interesting copperplate frontispiece that gives the clue to her identity as Mrs. Hannah Glasse, of Covent Garden, Habit Maker to Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales. But when this fourth edition does come up for sale,—as it has only once in my experience, and then I bought it,—it costs fewer shillings than pounds are paid for the first. Rarer still is her "Servant's Directory," of which I know but one edition and have seen but one copy—my own. True, I found a second in the British Museum Catalogue, but when I came to ask for it, it did not seem to exist on the shelves. However, these are the caprices of collecting which are law to the collector. No one who collects cookery books can afford to rest until the famous "pot folio" has been secured. Whatever may be my opinion of its intrinsic merit, on no other book have I squandered my small substance so riotously. And though I question the genius of Mrs. Glasse, I spare no effort to make my series of her books and editions complete. I have already her "Art of Cookery" not only in the first and fourth editions, but in the eighth, the ninth, a "new" edition which the publisher was too bibliographically indifferent or too lazy to number, an Edinburgh edition, and a cheap nineteenth-century edition. I have her "Servant's Directory," also her "Compleat Confectioner," which is only a trifle less rare. These are personal, or, it may be thought, egotistic, details which I have already put on record. But if I mention them again, it is not merely out of pride—proud as they make me—but to explain how well qualified I am to appreciate the hitherto uncatalogued edition of Mrs. Glasse's "Art of Cookery," which has just come my way.

It came to me from America, sent by an unknown but sympathetic admirer of my collection. It was lying neglected in his own library, a little shabby, much-discolored octavo, bound in old, well-worn calf, the words "Glasse's

Cookery" in faded gilt lettering dimly discernible on the label at the back. The title-page, alas! is gone, leaving much to conjecture. But the title, "The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy," appears in full on the opening page, which, fortunately, time and the vandal and the cook have spared. Otherwise, the authorship might not be so readily discovered, for the text is sadly garbled. The American pirate—though hard run by his English competitor—has always had a particularly bad name, but few authors have as good reason as Mrs. Glasse to bear him a grudge. It takes long and patient study to make sure that so much of the text as has escaped the editorial scissors is actually hers. Unscrupulous editing, however, would hardly be sufficient proof of the American origin of any book. This proof, in Mrs. Glasse's case, I find in the sudden interruption of the original scheme of the work to introduce a section devoted to "The American Mode of Cooking."

Some dishes, now considered essentially American, appeared in English cookery books years before the American had reached the stage of knowing whether fate was going to provide him with daily food to be cooked; others, whose invention by the colonists is less doubtful, eventually made their way into the kitchen of the mother country. But this entire section is so aggressively American—even though it does not bristle with "Independence" and "Federal" cakes like my little "American Cookery" of 1805—that it would be of small use to any one but the American at home. Besides, the Englishman would as soon forswear his nationality, or abandon himself to the snails and frogs of France, the *polenta* and *pasticcio* of Italy, as to adopt a steady diet of puddings and mush of Indian meal, maple sugar and maple molasses, buckwheat cakes and doughnuts. The very titles are as American as the names of the States and rivers that Stevenson thought so characteristic and musical. And yet, Mrs. Glasse is made to vouch for them and so secure an American sale for her book. She is furthermore made to reveal a

strong partiality for cranberries and for the pumpkins, which she never mentions once in any one of my six English and Scotch editions of the "Art of Cookery," or in any one of the eleven at the British Museum, but to which the pumpkin-surfeited colonist, even after a long course of "pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon," clung with such grateful fidelity that no American cookery book would have been complete that did not give them a conspicuous place.

But, transformed into an American, Mrs. Glasse had not even the comfort of seeing herself carry off the new pose with distinction. Her editor accomplished his task with a half-heartedness that would seem little less than a crime to a woman of conscience. Once he had catered for his American public and provided the inevitable buckwheat cakes, doughnuts, and the rest, he returned with all possible speed to the far simpler business of copying her text, slashing into it when it suited him, omitting right and left, avoiding all further demand on his own imagination and enterprise, but keeping to the stock-in-trade "Receipts" which she shared with the other eighteenth-century authorities in the kitchen.

Judged solely as a cookery book, the American edition of Mrs. Glasse is no great credit to anybody concerned. If she lived to see it, she could never have forgiven her American publisher and American editor. But this does not lessen its bibliographical value, and its pursuit may be recommended to the collector whose enthusiasm is waning because he believes no treasures are left for him to hunt for. It has its interest, too,—but through no virtue of the editor,—as an American cookery book. In matters of eating and drinking Americans remained indifferent only as long as scarcity of food made asceticism a necessity. Once food was plentiful, they were quick to show they had not "forgotten the English fashion of stirring up their appetites with variety of cooking their food." But, for a while, the colonists must have relied on the collections of *Receipts*, printed or in MS., that they, or

their fathers, had brought over in their baggage from England. Certainly, as yet, I have found no real American cookery book earlier than 1805. The absence of title-page makes it hard to decide just when the American Mrs. Glasse was published. But type and such internal evidence as the text can give seem to point to an earlier

date, somewhere, probably, towards the end of the eighteenth century. It belongs unquestionably to that transition period in American cookery, when the American had begun to realize that everything good did not come out of England, but before he had got so far as to demand the same independence in his cookery as in his government.

The Cost of Living Abroad

I.—Germany *

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK

[The series of articles on "The Cost of Living Abroad," of which this is the first, was prepared with special reference to the English reader, and appears in the *Cornhill Magazine* of London as well as in *THE CRITIC*. It was found impracticable to change the pounds, shillings, and pence into American money, or to make other changes, as they would necessitate a virtual rewriting of the papers. The articles have been most carefully prepared, and so well written that they cannot fail to interest the American as well as the English reader as they stand.—EDITOR, *THE CRITIC*.]

A GERMAN lady told me the other day that when she was at home last year she wished to buy a dressing-bag with silver fittings for a wedding present. She was in one of the wealthiest towns in Germany, and she went to one of the best shops in the town, but she could not get what she wanted. No one had ever asked for anything better than plated fittings. It was necessary to go to what Germans call an "English" shop, where imported goods are sold at prohibitive prices to the small number of people who have money to buy them.

Where nearly every one is what the Americans and English call "poor," life is necessarily on a plainer scale than in America or England. A well-known German economist divides his country people, according to income, into four groups. He reckons that only 250,000 families, "the aristocratic and the well-to-do," have more than £450 a year. The "upper middle-class," in which he places 2,750,000 families, have incomes ranging between £135 and £450. To the lower middle class he assigns £90

to £135, and lastly he reckons that there are more than five million families who never rise above £45 a year. The head-master of a high-class public day school only gets from £250 to £300 a year, with a house and free education for his children. A major in an infantry regiment gets from £200 to £250. £40 is a common salary for a clerk even in an expensive city like Hamburg, and young men somehow keep life together on it. A friend of mine whose father was a Lutheran pastor in Ruegen left the impression on my mind that her parents had £130 a year, brought up a large family, and gave their sons a university education. When I enquired further she explained that a pastor in the country is often something of a farmer too, and lives more or less on the produce of his fields, and that if a young man gives a few lessons and finds admission to a "free" dinner-table, he need not cost his parents much while he is reading for his degree. For the purposes of this article I made some enquiries of another friend whose brother is in business in a small town on the Rhine, and who has a house and garden, bought out of his savings, a wife, a child, and a servant. I expected to hear that he

* I am indebted for much help with this article to Mr. W. Harbott Dawson, the author of "German Life in Town and Country" (Putnam). Some of the figures quoted and some of the facts are from his book. Mr. Henry Felkin has been kind enough to give me information about taxes and insurances in Germany.

spent four or five hundred a year, and that his budget would be one I could use. But I found that he had never made more than £150 a year and had never lived up to his income.

The fact is that the Germans, like the French, perform prodigies of thrift. Of course the way of life and the expenses of life vary a great deal. They vary with place, with profession, and above all with character, as they do elsewhere. But it was necessary to take the low average of income into account before deciding on the sum spent by our typical family. Obviously, the £800 a year spent by two people in England was too high for a country where a man must be a major-general before he receives £600 a year. I think the German family should consist of the parents and three children, a daughter of sixteen and two boys still at school, and their income must not exceed £500 a year. Out of this the man, if he is prudent, will put by £30 a year, either for investment or for a life insurance.

Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt, and Dresden are considered the most expensive cities in Germany. You can still live cheaply in Munich and in many of the little towns. But there is one important item in a German householder's budget that is high wherever he lives. His rent will swallow a cruel proportion of his income, whether he takes a flat in the city, or a villa, or even part of a villa in the outskirts. The overcrowding, acre for acre, is worse in Berlin and Hamburg than in London. German houses are very much higher than the majority of English ones, and are let in flats, so that more people can have air and room on the same area; but every one who has enquired into the housing question in Germany complains of rack rents, limited accommodation, and insanitary conditions. I know of a lady in Carlsruhe who lives on £300 a year and pays £90 for her flat, and in Germany the rent of your flat does not include your taxes.

£90 is, therefore, not too high a rent for a man earning £500 a year, and if he was a doctor he would probably pay

more than that, because a doctor has to live in a central position for his practice, and not too high up for his patients. When a man has made up his mind to give £90 for his flat he must decide next what advantages he considers necessary and what he can sacrifice. If he wants to live in a good street, he will have to be content with a third or a fourth floor, or with smaller and fewer rooms. In the most modern houses in Berlin there are bath-rooms, and even hot water heated from below for use on each floor; there are lifts too, and the electric light. But in the majority of houses, all over Germany, there are none of these things. People do without bath-rooms, they burn gas or petroleum, and families of widely different fortunes live under one roof. The poor herd in cellars and attics, the rich people live on the first floor, and perhaps the floor above. But with every flight of stairs the rent of course decreases. A sensible man, desiring as much room and air as he can get for his family, will take a third or a fourth floor in a good street, and as close as possible to his daily work. For, except in two or three of the largest cities, Germans will not travel to business every morning. They like to walk to the office and walk back to their midday dinner, and so save all expense of locomotion and of outside meals. This is so much the case that when a business man prospers he often builds a house with his shop or his offices on the ground floor. Then he lives in one of the flats above the business premises and lets the others. The chief rooms of a German flat are usually large and airy, with several windows in a row, and several doors to a room. But the bedrooms are often poor and airless, and in many of the older houses unfortunate servants and "lady-helps" are put to sleep in places we should call cupboards, very small rooms that get a little light and air from the corridor, but have no outside windows at all.

Taxes are high in Germany, and all incomes over £25 have to pay them. The government taxes are levied on income, and the communal taxes are based on these, and often equal them.

In Saxony a man with £500 a year has to pay:

	£. s. d.
State income tax.....	19 0 0
Municipal rates.....	19 0 0
Water rates.....	7 10 0
Schools.....	12 0 0
Church rates.....	2 5 0
	<hr/>
	59 15 0

Of course all these are "direct" taxes.* A German can hardly put his hand in his pocket without helping to pay the indirect ones raised by duties on imports and the necessities of life.

Our family is established, then, in a flat which is a convenient distance from the father's work and from the children's schools. We will suppose that the father is a professional man or a highly placed official with some social position to maintain and some social duties to fulfil. He has a daughter of sixteen who has left school and two boys still at the Gymnasium. His rooms are plainly and solidly furnished. The drawing-room is only used on rare occasions, and has a carpet. The other rooms have small rugs in front of the sofa or beside the beds. In none of the rooms will you see the silver and fancy knick-knacks with which small English houses are overcrowded to-day. I have not been in Germany for a year or two, and Germany is moving fast, so I must not say that no one uses silver-backed brushes yet. But I am sure that in a plain household there would be no dressing-table to put them on. There is a small washstand with a looking-glass hanging against the wall behind it, and that is all any one is supposed to want.

When you reflect on the work there is to do in an English £90 house, with its chairs, its fires on upper floors, and its multitude of odds and ends to keep clean, you will at once see a saving for the German household in service. Where an English family keeps two or three maids, a German family keeps one, and pays her from £7 to £15 a

* There is also a new property tax of five shillings a year on every five hundred pounds owned in shares, land, or buildings. This is really a tax on capital, and except the Death Duties we have nothing like it in England. But I am not considering it in my Budget, as it would make an unnecessary complication.

year. These low wages are supplemented by a considerable present of money at Christmas and by tips from people who visit much at the house. But the German servant's budget tells you the same story as the budget of her master. It is lower than in England, and she does without many things an English servant considers necessary. She goes bareheaded to market every morning, and brings back the day's supplies in a large open basket. Her clothes are clean and tidy, but no English cook or housemaid would be seen in them. She wears home-knitted stockings and stout underlinen and shapeless dark blue cotton blouses and skirts. When her mistress supplies her with embroidered aprons, she will spoil the effect by wearing a large plaid necktie, tied in a dowdy bow, or a lace one fastened with a paste pin. She never looks as trim as an English parlormaid, and women who have kept house in both countries say that she is never as efficient and responsible. But she is a good-humored creature, as a rule, and at work from morning till night. In a plain household she is never taught to be responsible, because the mother and daughters look after everything themselves. German housewives think that an Englishwoman who goes down to her kitchen every morning, and never sees it again for twenty-four hours, is neglecting her obvious duties. Which woman is right is too vexed and difficult a question to enter on here. But there is no doubt about some of the results. Food is not wasted in a well-managed German kitchen, and the family does not suffer from the abominable cooking that depresses life in England. Some of the meals are simpler, but the food that is served is more appetizing and prepared with much greater care. Fruit, milk, and eggs are rather cheaper than in England, all groceries are much dearer, meat is cheaper than English meat, but dearer than New Zealand and not as good as New Zealand. Both the bread and the butter are better than that of England. Roughly speaking, you may say that a German family uses less meat and fish, and more fruit

and vegetables, than an English family, that they have better cooking, and that they spend less per head.

You can always shock a German housewife by telling her what you have to provide for breakfast in England both in the kitchen and the dining-room. Her breakfast begins and ends with coffee and rolls. Even butter is not a matter of course in every household, and servants eat more black bread than white. After breakfast there is no long string of tradesmen calling for orders. The bread and the milk come early, and in some towns the butcher asks at night what will be wanted next day. But it is usually the cook who does the marketing. Dinner is still between twelve and one o'clock in most parts of Germany. It always begins with soup, and nearly always continues with the boiled beef that has made the soup. The good roast joints that are such a matter of course in England are not daily fare in plain German households. They are reserved for festive occasions, and perhaps for Sundays. Sauces, vegetables, and light farinaceous dishes are excellent all over Germany, and make up to some extent for the monotony of boiled beef. At four o'clock coffee, with rolls or rusks, or light cakes, is served again. Supper is usually between eight and nine o'clock. It consists of a little cold meat, or slices of ham or sausage, often fetched from a *Delikatessen-Handlung*, a salad, cheese, and a tall jug of foaming beer. The *Delikatessen-Handlung* is an institution in every German town, and the most thrifty housewife, though she bottles her own fruit, makes her own preserves, and pickles her own cucumbers, is bound to spend some portion of her weekly allowance there. If she is thrifty, she will not buy the foreign luxuries that are sold at prohibitive prices. She will use as little tea as possible and do without English marmalade and biscuits or Russian caviare. The German imitation biscuits are nearly as good as English and much cheaper. She hardly ever buys fish, because, except near the coast, it is very scarce and dear. Oranges used to be threepence each in German inland

towns, but they have become cheaper of late years. Of course in such a big and diversified country as Germany both supplies and prices vary a good deal. Even the dinner-hour varies and the favorite kind of beer. In Hamburg you will be asked to dine at four or five and to drink a bottle of Pilsener instead of a mug of "Bärisch." In the south you eat roast venison as often, or oftener, than roast beef. You will never be asked to eat rabbit anywhere. Food is good all over the Palatinate, and not so good in Thuringia. These varying conditions will affect the weekly budget to some extent, but in forming mine I have tried to consider average prices in inland towns, where fish is hardly used at all and where imported goods are dear. I reckon that the housewife spends £2 a week on food for six people, and that she spends it in this way:

	£. s. d.
Meat.....	0 12 0
Bread.....	0 4 6
Milk.....	0 2 5
Butter.....	0 3 7
Vegetables.....	0 5 0
Eggs.....	0 2 0
Groceries.....	0 5 0
Delikatessen.....	0 3 6
<hr/>	
	1 18 0

This leaves her 2s. a week for small extra expenses, for some fish once in a way, for cakes, or for a week when she has bought poultry instead of meat. If she is a clever manager, she will often save more than 2s. out of her £2, and have them when she wants to entertain or to celebrate an anniversary.

Milk only costs 2½d. a litre in Germany, and I have allowed 2½ litres a day, as there are young people in the family. Butter is 1s. 2d. the pound, and a good deal of the three pounds bought would be used in cooking. Eggs are from 20 to 30 for 1s. all through the summer. Fruit and vegetables are cheap, but they are served in such large quantities that 5s. a week is not too much to allow. Besides, people have to provide dried fruits and bottled vegetables in winter, and salads all the year round. Potatoes are from

2s. 6d. to 3s. the hundredweight. The little white rolls eaten everywhere cost about $\frac{1}{2}d.$ (3 to 5 pf.) each, and black bread varies, with place and quality, from $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ the pound. It is sold in large loaves that cost from 4d. to 6d. each.

Coal costs from 1s. to 2s. the hundred-weight, and is poor stuff compared with the coal used in English private houses. The closed stoves are less extravagant than English open fires, and in many parts of Germany wood and peat are used with a little small coal. As the family sits in one, or possibly two rooms, and as no cooking need be done after the midday dinner, £10 will be a handsome allowance for the year's fuel and light. I base it partly on figures given me by a lady whose income exceeds £500 considerably, and whose annual coal account comes to £7 10s.

Something must be allowed next for those nondescript expenses that every housekeeper is obliged to incur; the constant dribble of small sums for soap, candles, matches, blacking, spirits of wine, and firewood. They will come to at least £5 a year. Most of the washing will have to go out where there is no accommodation for doing it at home, and the prices for that are much the same as at a moderate laundry in England. The servant would do some things in the kitchen, and the grown-up daughter would help to wash and iron, so the weekly bill might be reduced to 5s. This is an item that would vary a good deal in different households according to the ages of the children and the inclination of the wife and daughters to help in such work.

Statistics show that drunkenness is on the increase in Germany. But in the professional and mercantile classes both drunkenness and teetotalism are practically unknown. Beer and wine are cheap and are drunk in considerable quantities, but they are light and affect men's figures rather than their brains. Beer costs from 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 3d. the litre, and is fetched by the maid in tall glass jugs from the nearest beer-house. Three litres a day (five pints) is a small allowance for a German family, and if besides this the father drinks one glass

every afternoon at a favorite restaurant or at his club, and if he pays 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ for a litre and 2d. for a large glass, his beer alone will cost him £13 13s. 9d. a year. In wine-growing countries wine is kept on tap and is sold from 3 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ the litre upwards. But besides these cheap daily drinks, a man will want good red and white wines for his friends and for special occasions, so I shall allow £18 for wine and beer, and feel sure that people who entertained often would spend more than that in the year.

The next item to be considered is clothes, and, value for value, these are dear in Germany. You can get inferior articles at low prices; but if you are used to shop in Kensington, and want a yard or two of ribbon in Mannheim, you are amazed at what you have to pay for it. In the drapers' shops the assistants will bring you cheap materials, or very expensive ones that they explain are French or English. It is best to buy Tyrolese gloves and Saxony stockings, and a cotton frock made in Mühlhausen. As a nation Germans notoriously dress badly. Every one knows the look of the summer German in his ill-cut alpaca suit, and his wife in alpaca or black silk, made anyhow and put on anyhow. The costumes worn in "Magda" are costumes to be seen everywhere in Germany amongst Christians. Jews of the better class dress well as a rule. When a German girl marries, she has a supply of linen that will last her life, and she will hardly ever need a new evening dress, because evening dress is very rarely worn. If her husband allows her £25 for clothes and pocket money, she will probably look as well as her neighbors. He will not spend more than £15 himself, and £20 will have to dress the three children, even when the daughter goes to dances and wants a new white gown every winter. If the mother is clever, she will buy inexpensive German materials and have them made up at home by a dressmaker who charges 2s. a day. You can go to a dinner-party in a high stuff frock in Germany, you may wear cotton gloves and sleeves that are conspicuously out of fashion. But you must

not wear a straw hat in winter, or anything in the least frayed, stained, or untidy. You may be as cheap, as dowdy, and as old-fashioned as you please, but you may not be a sloven.

Unless the family is unlucky, the doctor's bill will not be the serious item it is in England. In big towns the family doctor charges 3s. for a visit, and in small towns the charge is often only 1s. A friend of mine went to see one in the country and was charged 6d. If she had called him in, she would have had to pay 1s. German doctors used not to specify their charges at all. Their patients sent what they could afford at New Year. This plan is dying out; but a family could have its teeth looked after and be ill sometimes for £5 a year.

Education costs next to nothing in Germany. The boys would go to a good day-school and the fees for each boy would be at most £3 10s. a year. Their books and extra expenses would not amount to more than £1 10s. for each boy. But I shall allow £15 for education, because most Germans spend something on music lessons and music. The girl might learn both solo and choral singing or want good piano lessons; perhaps the boys would play a stringed instrument. Something would be spent too on theatres and concerts. The theatres in Germany are subsidized by the State, and are exceedingly cheap. A stall at the opera costs from 2s. 6d. to 8s., according to the size of the town; but a good upper-circle seat for Wagner opera can be got for 1s. 3d., and for "popular" performances of the classical drama for 6d. There is no expense about getting to the theatre or about dressing for it. People walk there after coffee and come back to supper. The drama, the opera, and good concerts are as much a part of national life in Germany as outdoor games are in England. When the German is out-of-doors he likes to sit in a garden and listen to a band, or to make an excursion by carriage and steamer. Throughout the summer, when the theatres are closed, a family would spend small sums in this way; so, taking winter and summer together,

I have allowed £10 for amusements. They are very cheap in Germany, but they are very much a matter of course.

Tobacco is cheap too, but pipes are only smoked by university students and by working men. Cigars can be bought from 1s. 6d. a hundred—10s. a hundred would be a common price to give, but they come to a good deal in the course of a year if a man smokes from morning till night and offers them to his friends. We must allow the bread-winner £10 for his tobacco in a country that permits him to smoke anywhere and anywhen, in the street, in the office, behind the counter, and in the presence of ladies after dinner. Postage need not be a heavy item in a German budget. People do not shop as much by correspondence as in England and in most towns their friends live within easy walking distance. Except in Berlin, the conditions in this respect resemble those of an English country town, and in Berlin there are special cheap facilities for communication—35s. seems very little to allow, but it would be enough for a family without foreign correspondence and living in Düsseldorf or Carlsruhe.

Repairs are a serious item everywhere, but German furniture is plainly and solidly made. Where no carpets are put down none need be renewed, and the German bride starts so well supplied with house and table linen, that instead of buying fresh she will probably have some to leave to her daughter. Still, £7 10s. is a moderate sum to spend on "keeping up" the home, especially if it is to cover the extra expenses of spring cleaning and new lace curtains, when they are needed, for one of the many-windowed rooms. Another £5 must be set aside for Christmas, which brings claims as peremptory as those of the tax-gatherer, and sometimes as oppressive. Then there are all the unclassifiable "extras" that vary with each household: books, papers, stationery, subscriptions, charitable and otherwise, cab and tram fares, flowers, photographs, repairs to bicycles, wedding and birthday presents. The family that keeps these down to £20 has managed very well,

and probably stinted itself of books and papers. But papers and magazines are not a temptation in Germany and people buy very few.

I have purposely left the summer holiday to the end of the budget, because a family with a fixed income will not be able to afford the same sum for it every year. Sometimes they will go to Thuringia or the Black Forest, where they will get a comfortable pension for 4s. or 5s. a day. If the doctor's bill has been high, or the "extras" heavier than usual, they can take furnished rooms at some such beautiful spot as Oberhof, near Gotha. Then they must dine at the inn and manage their other simple meals for themselves. Of course they will avoid expensive places like St. Blasien, Baden, or Marienbad. There are still forest villages in Germany where you can get a room for any sum from 2s. to 7s. a week, your dinner for 1s. 3d., and your coffee and rolls for 6d.

For the £16 I have allowed, my family of five could have a short holiday at a well-managed *Kurhaus*, or a longer one in simpler quarters. They would pay their maid 6s. a week for board wages, and so have a considerable portion of the usual housekeeping money to help towards their travelling expenses. Their budget then stands thus:

	£. s. d.
Rent.....	90 0 0
Insurances and savings.....	30 0 0
Taxes and rates of all kinds... .	59 15 0
Food.....	104 0 0
Wages.....	15 0 0
Fire and light.....	10 0 0
Housekeeping sundries.....	5 0 0
Washing.....	13 0 0
Wine and beer.....	18 0 0
Clothes.....	60 0 0
Doctor and dentist.....	5 0 0
Education.....	15 0 0
Amusements.....	10 0 0
Tobacco.....	10 0 0
Postage.....	1 15 0
Repairs.....	7 10 0
Christmas.....	5 0 0
Extras.....	20 0 0
Summer holiday *.....	16 0 0
 495 0 0	

* To add to what is saved out of housekeeping.

If this budget is compared with the English one of £800 a year, it will be seen that, though the German has a larger family and a smaller income, he spends as much on rent and more on taxes. He spends less on food, because he uses less meat, fewer groceries, and very little fish or bacon. He has to be careful about his washing bill, and he has to dress himself, his wife, and his three children on less than the Englishwoman allows herself for clothes and pocket money. His repairs cost less, his holiday must, and can, cost less, for English holiday resorts are notoriously dear. His wine bill is very little less, but he gets a great deal more for his money. His tobacco allowance is the same, but he smokes sixty-six cheap cigars to the Englishman's pound at 6s. 6d. He uses less coal and gas, and he spends less on postage. He certainly will not spend £5 on stationery—5s. would be more likely. His servants' wages come to less. He has to set money aside for Christmas expenses and for the amusements that are a matter of course in Germany. I have allowed something for entertaining in his wine bill, but his wife must buy cakes for her *Kaffee-Klatsch*, or venison for her supper party, out of her housekeeping money.

We now have to consider one of the nine million families whose income never exceeds £135, and in many cases falls below £45. The worst poverty is in the rural districts of Silesia and Saxony, where a hand-weaver may work sixteen hours a day for ten days and earn 5s. at the end. Mr. Harbutt Dawson gives an agreement between a landowner and a laborer by which the man, his wife, and his children could only earn £46 10s. in a year if all Sundays and holidays were paid. The Polish laborers in East Prussia will work for 1s. and 1s. 6d. a day. They live on potatoes, herd in sheds, and are still treated like serfs. In the iron and coal industries the average earnings do not exceed £1 a week. That the wife should work too becomes a necessity, and women are everywhere worse paid than men. An investigation made in Berlin showed that the highest rates

were from 15s. to 17s. a week, and that they sank to 8s. In Posen a seamstress earns 6d. to 9d. a day for a day of eleven hours.

For our purposes we will take the case of a skilled artisan who has a wife and three children, and lives in a South German town where living is cheaper than in Hamburg or Berlin. We will suppose that the united resources of the family amount to £1 10s. a week, and that this is partly made up by the wife's earnings and partly by the regular payments of a lodger who has been taken to reduce the rent. The husband will have to take a flat in a basement, on the ground-floor, or up in the roof. He may have to fetch all his water from a well in the street or the courtyard, he will certainly have neither bath-room nor garden, and, if the street is narrow and paved with cobble-stones it will be close, dark, and noisy. For such accommodation in Berlin or Hamburg he will have to pay a quarter of his income when that income reaches £1 10s. a week. If he is poorer still, half his earnings will be swallowed before he can provide a roof to his head. The budget I propose to examine is founded on statistics drawn with great care and exactness from the working classes in Nuremberg. Of course when people are living from hand to mouth, earnings do not come in with machine-like regularity, and expenses are not machine-like either. They vary with season and opportunity, and with the thrifty qualities of man and wife. £14 6s. is allowed out of the income for rent, and this is less than a man would have to pay in many German cities. Living is still considered cheap in Munich and Nuremberg. His direct taxes are set down at £2 13s., but of course he is helping to pay indirect taxes on almost every article of food and clothing. For fire and light he can only afford £4 6s. in the year. He will burn more coke than anything else, a little very poor coal, some wood, and some spirits of wine. The high price of fuel in Germany is bitterly felt by the poor, who use what they must for cooking and very little for warmth. The food of the family will come to £39 a year, and

that is nearly £7 more than Mr. Arthur Morrison allows to his English artisan; but there is no doubt that for less money the English family will live better. I will give his weekly budget directly, and it will be seen that he spends 6s. on meat; but there is no comparison between the meat 6s. will buy in Nuremberg and in the cheap neighborhoods of London. In Germany the poor man's meat consists largely of sausages made of scraps the butchers cannot sell otherwise, and even of horse-meat. His bread is coarse rye bread, his coffee is adulterated, his sugar is beet. Breakfast consists of stale black bread and washy coffee, with a little milk and less sugar. For dinner there will often be one of the thick cheap soups made of lentils, peas, or haricot beans. A bit of sausage or of coarse beef will be cooked with it, when 6s. a week can be afforded for the butcher's bill. As a matter of fact, I am certain that there are millions of poor folk in Germany who do not see meat for weeks together. In Hauptmann's great play, the starving weavers are said to kill a stray dog and eat it when they can. And in flourishing families of the lower middle class I have seen dinners prepared of soup and the cheaper vegetables, or of curds, with caraway seeds. The afternoon meal will be a slice of black bread again, perhaps with beer or coffee for the older people, with an apple for the children, and for supper bread and cheese, or sausage and beer. The weekly account for food will then stand thus:

	£.	s.	d.
Meat.....	0	6	0
Milk.....	0	0	9
Cheese.....	0	0	6
Eggs.....	0	0	9
Butter.....	0	1	2
Bread.....	0	2	0
Rice, potatoes, vegetables, etc..	0	2	2
Sugar.....	0	0	3½
Coffee.....	0	0	9
Fruit.....	0	0	6
Extras, cruet, etc.....	0	0	1½
	<hr/>		
	0	15	0

My authority for this budget complains of the high price of sugar and of the

small sum the poor spend on it and on eggs and milk for their children. In proportion a good deal is spent on beer, but that is not surprising in a town where brewers allow each workman seven litres free a day—2s. 6d. a week would be easily consumed in this way, and according to the statistics is an average amount for a family earning about 30s. For this sum the German would get from fifteen to twenty litres a week. Tobacco seems to come naturally next to beer, and that is to cost him £1 6s. a year. It is not much, but then if he is not fastidious he can buy cigars for 1s. 6d. a hundred.

The allowance of £6 for clothes is slightly higher than in England, but the interesting difference is not in the amount spent but in the kind of clothes worn. An observant German coming to England is always shocked by the tawdry finery and the unsightly rags of the English lower classes. In Germany every man and woman is neatly shod, and every child is either neat or barefoot. The women make little attempt to copy the fashions of the more prosperous. They are content with plain warm skirts and shapeless jackets and blouses. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than a maid-servant or a flourishing artisan's wife in England and Germany on a Sunday afternoon. But the German will go to her situation, or as bride to her husband's home, with a supply of linen and home-knitted stockings that the Englishwoman often lacks.

For soap and all other cleaning materials 11s. a year is an average amount spent. 12s. 6d. may be allowed for books and papers. Education is free. About 15s. 6d. is spent on amusements, for the poorest German will go to a beer-garden sometimes, or to a cheap subscription dance, to a village fair, or to a theatre. The men play skittles and bowls a good deal, and many of them belong to choral societies that organize cheap pleasure trips during the summer months. £2 are now left for all extras; for fire insurance, doctor's fees, club subscriptions, necessary repairs, and those deeds of charity and

generosity for which the poor always find ways and means. The £68. 19s. so hardly earned will have been spent as follows:

	£. s. d.
Rent.....	14 6 0
Taxes.....	2 13 0
Fire and light.....	4 6 0
Food.....	30 0 0
Beer.....	6 10 0
Tobacco.....	1 6 0
Clothes.....	6 0 0
Soap, etc	0 11 0
Papers, etc.....	0 12 6
Amusements.....	0 15 6
Extras, subscriptions, doctors, etc..	2 0 0
	<hr/>
	68 19 0

Most people who know both countries agree that the artisan is better off in England than in Germany. He certainly earns more and his food is cheaper. Less is done to provide him with amusement, but it is in the English nature to care more about a comfortable home than about outside amusements. The prosperous English working man likes a little house to himself, if possible a little garden, and plenty of cheap beef and mutton and white bread. Any one who doubts that the German is worse off should consider the German's dinner of black bread and lentil soup or potatoes, and then discover for himself what the Yorkshire farm laborer requires in the way of food. For it must be remembered that the budget we have examined is the budget of a skilled artisan in full work all the year round. I have not attempted to give the budget of a family starving on £35 or £40 a year.

But directly the family income touches a figure well above want, life is pleasant in Germany because it is simpler, and because some of the chief delights of life, fine music and fine scenery, for instance, are within easier reach than in England. So that when people talk of "living cheaply" in Germany, they mean that they will have plainer meals, and fewer servants, and poorer clothes; but, if their tastes lead them that way, they will nevertheless enjoy life more than they could in

England, because they may have the mountains and the forest all the summer, and the best music in the world

all the winter, on an income that in England would just pay for a suburban villa and a month at Eastbourne.

Arnold, Newman, and Rossetti

By EDWARD FULLER

THREE English men of letters, among whom there are some striking resemblances as well as sharp differences, have been brought afresh to the attention of the public by recently published critical estimates. Arnold, Newman, and Rossetti were all men of a distinctly individual genius; all fell short of that universal recognition which makes an author a classic to his own age; all had eager admirers; all have run the risk of becoming the begetters of a cult. On the other hand, no three men could have been more unlike in temperament and intellect. If one wished to make a rough and ready comparison, one could apply to them St. Paul's category of the threefold nature of man. In such a case Arnold would stand for the soul, Newman for the spirit, and Rossetti for the body. But critical labels have a dubious value and are not easily affixed. There is more in Arnold than a love of intellectual culture, more in Newman than theological subtlety, more in Rossetti than sensuous emotionalism. Possibly none of the three was completely understood while he lived; and for this those who admired as well as those who did not admire may have been to blame. But we are far enough away from them all now to do them a measure of justice. It may be found that two of them, at least, were in truth greater men than most of their contemporaries admitted, and that their influence upon literature has been and is to be more profound than that of writers who, like Tennyson and Dickens, were promoted long before they died to the company of the gods.

Two volumes dealing with Arnold have just appeared; and in each his place as a social and religious philoso-

pher is emphasized. Mr. Russell,* the editor of the Arnold "Letters," is only incidentally a biographer; Arnold himself wished that no biography should be written. The account of Arnold's career therefore resolves itself into a series of disquisitions upon his "method," his work for education, his views of society, his principles of conduct, and his incursions into theology. Mr. Dawson† aims at a smaller mark. He excludes all subsidiary considerations and discusses simply Arnold's philosophy of culture, his philosophy of religion, and his philosophy of politics. If Mr. Russell gives a fuller picture of the man, Mr. Dawson gives a more comprehensive account of the work which occupied the greater part of his life. Mr. Dawson, indeed, boldly proclaims a "cult of Matthew Arnold" and declares that "it must prevail." Yet I take the liberty of dissenting from a view of his career which places the essayist above the poet. Nor would it be difficult to extract from the pages of both his admirers admissions to justify this dissent. In the very reasons that they offer why his opinions on politics and religion should not be rejected will be found materials for an argument that they should be. If he could not convince his own age, how is he to convince ours? For it must be remembered that both in politics and in religion the conditions have changed. Arnold was right in his contempt for party shibboleths, perhaps, but the effort to treat government as a science is becoming less and less effectual. Here man advances by purely empirical steps. And in religion

* "Matthew Arnold." (Literary Lives.) By G. W. R. Russell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

† "Matthew Arnold." By William Harbatt Dawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

the Erastianism which he seemed to regard as a remedy for theological divisions, always alien to the spirit of Catholicism, is becoming more and more hateful even to Protestantism. If the Church of England could comprehend every Englishman it would cease to be a church at all. Moreover, as Mr. Dawson very acutely points out, Arnold's exegetical method, when he came to deal with the Scriptures, was essentially vicious. His definitions of the "God-idea" of the Hebrews, his attempts to disclose the "secret" of Jesus, his endeavors to deal with the miraculous—all involve a superficial dogmatism quite as easily confuted as the excesses of dogma he wished to rebuke. In other words, his own premisses required an act of faith for their acceptance. There is much that is stimulating, it is true, in Arnold's polemics; but the fact remains that he was a man of letters dabbling in theology, and that his authority is the authority of a man of letters and not of a theologian.

As a critic of literature he is upon his own ground; and here the value of his services can hardly be exaggerated. He suffered somewhat from his reputation as a phrase-maker. People talked about "sweetness and light" and "Barbarians" and "Philistines," who knew practically nothing of the matter at issue. From a literary point of view, this is the least valuable side of his criticism. It was rather in the principles of judgment which he enunciated and in his application of those principles that he ranks with the great critics. His essay upon Wordsworth is a masterpiece of concrete appreciation; and when he dealt with poetry in the abstract he was equally sane and acute. Mr. Russell well says that "in his critical temper lucidity, courage, and serenity" were blended in just proportions. He had his prepossessions, no doubt, but he tried not to be possessed by them. Certainly no other man of his time did more for pure literature.

But Matthew Arnold was greatest, I think, as a poet. It does not come within Mr. Dawson's scheme to treat him as a poet at all; and Mr. Russell

dismisses his poetry with little effort at analysis, observing that he was not a great poet because "he lacked the gifts which sway the multitude and compel the attention of mankind" and because "the total body of his poetry is small." Is either reason a good one? It may be admitted that the great poets in general do "sway the multitude." That is to say, their appeal to all classes of minds creates for them a large body of intelligent readers, whose verdict is accepted by "the multitude" as final. Perhaps this is always true of such supreme poets as Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. But there are great poets who, either by defective sympathy in one direction or by some sharp limitation of their powers in another, never "sway the multitude." Such a poet is Spenser; such is Shelley; such in some measure is even Milton. It was not to be expected that Arnold should be as popular as Tennyson; but did not his poetry represent, as he himself said, "the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century," and will he not "have his turn" with lovers of poetry? Mr. Russell admits that he was of the lineage of Wordsworth. Of all that Wordsworth wrote how much remains? Arnold was able to put into one small volume, Wordsworthian though he was, the lyrics that have any genuine interest for us. And is anything in Wordsworth of more exquisite quality than "Obermann" or "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse"? I must pause with that question; here is neither the time nor the place for anything like an adequate judgment of Arnold as a poet.

Cardinal Newman wrote poetry as well as prose, also, and it is not too much to say that several of his religious lyrics, at least, will live. Yet he is rightly considered by Dr. Barry* as a writer of prose. He has suffered a greater eclipse since his death than Arnold suffered, and one reason undoubtedly is that much of what he wrote appeals to a limited circle. The Oxford tracts deal with bygone controversies, and the discussions in

* "Cardinal Newman." (Literary Lives.) By William Barry. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

"The Development of Christian Doctrine" and "The Grammar of Assent" are over the heads of casual readers. "Plain and Parochial Sermons," it is true, "beat all other sermons out of the market, as Scott's novels beat all other story-books." No volume of the kind is even to-day read more widely. But after all hortatory literature imposes severe limitations upon the popularity of a writer. This is equally the case whether his crusade be religious or social or political. Nor is charm of style enough to command a universal audience. Those who appreciate style remain, when all is said, comparatively few. Halifax and Bolingbroke are masters of style as well as Swift and Defoe; but only the curious read them now. Newman's felicities of language are a delight to the student. They are not affectations; they are the natural out-growth of his mind and temper. There is, as Dr. Barry says, a Roman quality in his sweeping periods. There is also a Roman austerity alien to the intellectual Epicureanism of these times of vaguely diffused culture. Thus Newman gains a potent influence over minds of an ascetic cast like his own at the expense of his influence over the careless general reader. It was so in his own day and among his contemporaries. His disciples were ardent and perhaps undiscriminating. But to the majority of Englishmen he seemed impossibly mediæval. He could not sway them profoundly either as an Anglican Catholic or as a Roman Catholic. Pusey and Keble remained the real protagonists of the Oxford Movement. Manning became the head of the English converts to Rome. Newman was as little understood at the Vatican as at Oriel. Leo XIII. made him a Cardinal; the English people came to appreciate his finely spiritual nature. Yet to the last he was a lonely man.

It is possible to admit all this, however, and still to say that Newman was chiefly the embodiment of the spirit as Arnold was the embodiment of the soul. And he became the teacher of the things of the spirit, not by any of his theological or doctrinal treatises, but by a

book which was written by accident, as it were—his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." Dr. Barry says truly that the three critics of "progress" on the lines laid down by Bentham, the three writers who did the most to combat the materialistic Pharisaism of their time, were Newman, Ruskin, and Carlyle. To two of these the public had long listened with varying degrees of impatience. But Newman's secession to Rome had aroused bitter distrust. He knew it and suffered in silence until the brutal attack of Kingsley moved him to defend his honor as a Christian gentleman. There is no excuse for Kingsley; but he did his countrymen at least this service—he gave them a great prose classic. No more measured phrase will rightly characterize the "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." It was the work of a man of genius pleading for his life before the bar of opinion. And Newman won his case. It is easy to discern in the work a fatal super-subtlety. Newman's mind, like Gladstone's, saw every side of an argument, and dwelt on every side so long that the plain wayfaring man was bewildered by the conclusion at last reached. Why was this chain of reasoning stronger than that? Had the writer obtained in the Roman Church a deeper peace than in the Anglican? Was his story, as Dean Church said, that of "the failure of a great design"? Such questions will be variously answered by various men. We take away from a writer something of what we bring to him. But the tragic conflict, if such there were, of which this was a record, served to heighten the pathos and beauty of the narrative. The "Apologia" is better as literature by the degree of its defects as polemics. The essential feature of drama is the action and reaction of wills. So in this psychological revelation the storm and stress are a part of the charm. Newman wrote "The Dream of Gerontius" and he wrote some exquisite lyrics, of which "Lead, Kindly Light" is not the best; but his "Apologia" is his real legacy to the world. Here he fought, too, for the spiritual, in a complacently materialistic age.

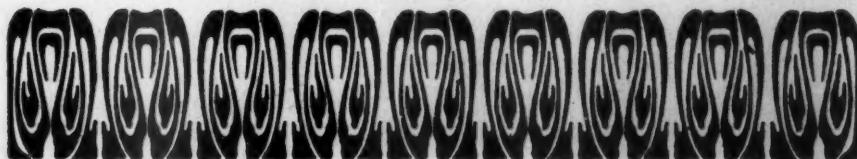
When Robert Buchanan wrote of

"The Fleshly School of Poetry" and made Rossetti the chief object of his attack he was no doubt guilty of exaggeration. But the ferocity of Rossetti's reply showed that the shaft had struck home. It is unfair, of course, to pick out from the body of Rossetti's work, here and there, passages which are of dubious taste; it is absurd to denounce him as immoral. But I cannot agree with Mr. Benson that Buchanan was essentially unjust. In this new and most interesting life of the poet* everything is said in his favor that possibly could be said. Nor need any one question the beauty and delicacy of much of his verse. Yet in a sense it is undeniably "fleshly." That is to say, Rossetti seemed to perceive only through his senses even spiritual things. There is always, as it were, a subconsciousness of the carnal, a pre-occupation with the sensuous. Probably most persons would regard "The Blessed Damozel" as an exalted contemplation of heavenly joys. But everything is expressed in terms of the flesh. The Blessed Damozel herself is more occupied with the doings of her lover than with the Beatific Vision. In more frankly mundane poems there is a voluptuous passion that cannot be called elevating. Mr. Benson himself calls it "a kind of sensuous hysteria." He admits that "The House of Life" has an enervating effect on the spirit. There is a superficial beauty; but if the veil be drawn aside a loathsome face is disclosed. This Hyperion had a strain of the satyr.

A defect of this nature, even in a great poet, is of necessity a serious ob-

* "Rossetti," (English Men of Letters.) By A. C. Benson. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

stacle to his fame. Byron's pose as a disillusioned rake has no doubt been injurious to him. In Rossetti's case we may fairly ask if he be really a great poet. Is there not in his work, as in his life, a touch of affectation fatal to greatness, which must have after all a certain magnificent simplicity? Is it in the least likely that future generations will place his name beside the names of Wordsworth, of Keats, of Shelley, of Byron, of Tennyson, of Browning, of Arnold, of his sister Christina? Such a question no man in this generation can answer. But the doubt is strong enough to suggest that moderation of our transports which Mr. Swiveller commended to the Marchioness. Everything in Rossetti's circumstances favored the production of the exotic and the unreal. He was something more than a mere *poseur*; some virile quality in him gave him his remarkable influence over men so different as Swinburne and William Morris. Yet even in Mr. Benson's pages his selfishness, his incapacity for continuance in friendship, his absorption in his own interests, his refined cruelty to his wife, his vicious habits, do not make up a pleasing picture. Of course, there is a distinction between aesthetic standards and ethical, and a bad man may be a good writer. But a poet, above all men, lives his life in his books; and the worship of the body which seems to have been Rossetti's marked personal characteristic is again and again reflected in his verse. It is inevitable, therefore, that he should suffer the penalty; and that the calmest and sanest criticism will hesitate long before it places him with Arnold and Newman as an inspiring figure in the world of English letters.



The Editor's Clearing-House

The Intellectual Barbarian

Did you ever encounter one of those large, nervous persons who rush uninvited into your most private mental dwelling-place, and with the bland unconsciousness of a three-months' infant upset it as thoroughly as would an undertaker or a plasterer? I once knew a man who broke my (material) piano-chair, a "lady" chair, and a picture-frame, all within the space of ten days; but I count him gentle and considerate in comparison with another whose habits of mental devastation have driven me to the relief of speaking my mind about it.

Now, I have in my mental apartments a nice, conventional little reception-room containing the usual stiffly-upholstered, straight-backed, gilded thoughts, and the inevitable cabinet in which one keeps perfectly familiar curios such as the weather and the conduct of one's acquaintances,—these latter, of course, by way of aids to perfunctory conversation. This room is open to the many who call; but for the few who are chosen there is my living-room beyond, whereinto only the elect are invited. Here are comfortable, informal thoughts (some of them with cushions) for the repose and entertainment of my friends, who treat my possessions with gentleness and respect. With true breeding, they ignore any shortcoming or decrepitude they may see, unless they perceive that such a state of things endangers the actual well-being of myself or others, when a quiet hint is all that is necessary. Thus all goes serenely until the Barbarian swoops down upon me, cheerfully inquisitive, for nothing is sacred from his invading nose. Now I protest that I try to have my mental furniture as strong and reasonable as any, but I confess, unashamed, that I cherish certain delicate theories, like "lady" chairs, and these I set in dim corners, hoping they may thus escape the rude investigations of the purveyor and dispenser of "facts, sir, facts"; and I feel justly injured when those "lady" theories are experimentally sat upon, instead of being merely admired for their attractive and attenuated lines. Certainly chairs and thoughts should be able to survive sitting upon, and I hope the majority of my belongings are sufficiently well put together to withstand such natural and inevitable use. It is abuse that I object to. For though I fortify my furniture as best I may

against the assaults of intellectual avoirdupois, and the fittest of it survives even after an incursion of the Goths and Vandals, a portion of it inevitably becomes displaced during the fracas. For instance, when in the tottering fatigue incident to a discussion with my friend the Barbarian, I reach for a certain comfortable thought to support me, behold! it is not in its accustomed place. Ah, there it is under some others in the pile yonder, but I cannot seem to get at it, strive as I may. I know that it is there, that it is mine, and that it used to be a good, serviceable thought. Why can I not move to get it? Simply because the Barbarian is piling up his thoughts about me until I am unable to move because of the sheer bulk and weight of them. Then while I am still helpless, he slams his intellectual door in the face of my protests, by saying, "Good-bye, I've enjoyed myself immensely." Of course he has. He never gives himself a chance to enjoy anybody else. He retreats—victorious? No, a thousand times. When I awake from the trance induced by his rapidity and vociferation, his thoughts which but now hemmed me in so securely prove to be only "such stuff as dreams are made of." Proceeding to set my disordered mind to rights, I find every precious thought safe and unharmed—except the "lady" theory. That is demolished past hope of restoration. It is a pity, for that theory was so integral a part of me that I believe it to have been an heirloom in our family for generations.

An individual of this class, it seems to me, is in need of an intellectual thrashing, by one's big brother-in-mind, let us say, who should take such punitive measures as might leave his victim babbling mere words—meaningless, inapposite words. One could even find it in one's heart to permit a small brother-in-mind to indulge in some mischievous pleasantry analogous to the unexpected removal of an inviting chair. And when the wretch should arise from the confusion of the latter catastrophe, spluttering, "Well, anyway—," it would be sweet to abolish him by saying calmly: "As I am unwilling to take further advantage of your apparent ignorance, we will consider the discussion closed."

Thus he might, if not wholly purblind, be given a composite picture of himself as others see him.

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.

Depravity of Inanimate Objects

To the natural depravity of inanimate objects may be justly attributed the daily fall from grace of many members of the human family, both great and small.

The dictionary says that "things depraved must be reformed," but where and how can a reform be begun, that will relieve mortals from the snares and plots that are silently hatched for their moral destruction? That is the question.

Indeed, there are some days in life when all inanimate things seem to join forces against man, like the following instance: First, the alarm clock refuses to go off on time, and the family would have slept until noon but for a howl of pain from Bridget, who had dropped a stove-lid on her foot; upon being assured that she still lived, but was temporarily incapacitated, the man hastened to his bath only to find that the water supply was cut off in the street,—a broken main, and "of course, it would happen just then, at that time of day." Down-stairs for a mug of shaving-water he goes, and finds all there is in the house is on boiling for coffee; he takes a little of that and sets it out on the window sill to cool, while he dresses. As he reaches to fasten his collar, the button jumps and rolls—heaven knows wherel By the time it is captured it is too late for shaving, and grabbing a cup full of hot coffee, he swallows the contents and starts for the train. As he nears the corner, a gust of wind blows his hat merrily down the street, thus bringing the ridicule of bystanders down upon the already over-tried nerves. Finally arriving, out of breath, at the station, he finds that the train is fifteen minutes late; while he stands brushing his hat, the train arrives, and the engine gives him a knowing leer as it slows down. In getting in, he steps on a lady's dress, and in bowing his apologies he knocks over a small boy, then he drops limply into a seat, while the boy's mother looks daggers at him. On such days, believe me, it is really safer to go right back to bed, and thus defeat the wicked plans laid to sour the sweetness of our dispositions.

If the sewing-machine overhears talk of a busy day with lots of stitching to be done, it begins to cut the thread on the first seam, or develops a rattle which it takes the better part of the morning to find and repair.

There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, who is the proud owner of eighteen razors, each noted in its way, one having descended from father to eldest son, unto the sixth generation. In groups of seven they are arranged for use each day of the week, but beware! if he uses a Wednesday one on Saturday, or a Friday one on Sunday, it will viciously cut and tear, forcing the victim to go to business covered with alum plasters, where some one will facetiously ask, "What does the other fellow look like?"

As for umbrellas, they are the acme of depravity, just waiting for an opportunity to turn inside-out, spring a rib, refuse to open or to close, to blow away, or fall into the dirt.

After a long morning's careful stitching on the children's spring night-gowns, the mother, aghast, finds that seven sleeves are made, and all for one arm! While she rips them apart, thoughts of homes for crippled children float through her mind, and a wild desire to donate the outfit to them, and wear rags, rather than alter these, seizes her.

The tacks that dodge the hammer's blow, allowing it to fall on unsuspecting thumb-nails, should be on this list; as should also jumping cups, saucers, plates, and tumblers that do not appreciate being carefully wiped and put on the pantry shelves, but prefer a smash on the hard floor, with a ride in an ambulance dust-pan to the ash-bin,—and they are always the best ones that are most depraved, and their loss means mourning and gnashing of teeth.

When we think of these silent enemies that surround us, it is small wonder that dispositions are warped and covered with corns, for it is hard for some folks to be nice under the most encouraging conditions. Perhaps, if each one will carry a potato in his pocket and a hare's foot at his belt, wear a string of amber beads, and eat and drink of the various brain-foods offered for sale, it may aid him in escaping some of these calamities, and enable him to deny depravity, saying like the kind old gentleman who offered a seat to the lady on a crowded car; when she said "Don't let me deprive you, sir." "No depravity, none whatever, I assure you, madam."

JEANNETTE YOUNG.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

"Incomparable Bellairs" * is the sort of book that is built to be lifted bodily upon the stage. Setting, situations, and clothes all seem designed for the foot-lights. The theme is that "love—the chief adventure of life, some maintain—Kitty." comes to the lovely, to the lovable, as sure as mountain stream to lake; and to such as are in love with love, love adventures' come not single spies, but in battalions."

The Kitty Bellairs of the book is not sweet as she is on the stage. In spite of her "brown, pansy eyes," she has cruel little white teeth, and never shows a trace of real feeling except when she shelters Rachel Peace after her humiliation by Lord Mandeville. She is an arrant flirt, a "little angry human bird" when her will is crossed, an exacting mistress to her lovers, jealous and vindictive. Yet the frou-frou of her petticoats is sufficient to cause despair in the hearts of her adorers.

The story is pretty, but no different from a dozen others of the same style and period,—brocades, powdered hair, red-heeled slippers, deep oaths and still deeper drinks, midnight coaches and all the rest. There is one genuinely humorous scene, when Denis O'Hara, having found a young gentleman's purse and not seen fit to restore it to him because of his own impecunious condition, obligingly lends some of his own money to the youth for a game of cards at which Denis wins.

CAROLYN SHIPMAN.

Mr. Bartlett's first novel † shows the effect of newspaper experience in its clear-cut, realistic descriptions of life among the lower classes on the "East Side" of a large city. The comparison between Joan of the tenement-house district and Jeanne d'Arc, both leaders of their people, is made throughout the story, even to the cross which fortuitously appears in rays of light near the little labor agitator. A mill strike, municipal politics, the ward boss and friend of the people are described by one who evidently knows the life.

Technically the book is somewhat too sketchy in parts, with loose ends that need fastening; but it is interesting, and that's the point.

C. S.

* "Incomparable Bellairs." By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE Stokes.

† "Joan of the Alley." By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT. Illustrations by ELEANOR WINSLOW. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In contrast to the foregoing book, "The Test" * is one of the most unconvincing novels that the present reviewer has ever read.

With the exception of one incident, it is psychologically false from beginning to end in respect of the main situations. The exception is the fact that an inexperienced, trusting, refined girl might commit her honor to her lover in the hope that she might hold him and guard him from temptation. Vain the hope and foolish the girl! But many times has it happened.

It is, however, absolutely incredible that a practical father of a reckless son, when that son notified him of his marriage, while drunk, to another woman, should not insist on sending the betrayed girl away to a place where she could live in seclusion until her child was born. Senator Winchester was fond of the unfortunate Alice, yet he allowed her to remain in a little gossiping village, when he could perfectly well have sent her on research work for his history, with which she was assisting him, and have diverted suspicion through his influence as a respected citizen.

There is one good chapter, in which Alice imagines her marriage day and restrains her impulse to drown herself, knowing that she is to become a mother; but as a whole, the book is exasperating in the extreme, because it does not ring true. And there is not a gleam of humor to relieve the narrative. John Prescott, the young clergyman, is a stuffed doll, with his "senseless obstinacy," which forbade him for eight years from discovering whether he was really engaged to Gertrude Lindell! She would have been a much more admirable character if she had refused the prig at the end of that time. What he was waiting for, no one knows.

Possibly such characters as Mrs. Wright describes do exist, but they are surely abnormal subjects of pathology, and not typical. The book is distinctly disagreeable in theme, and the treatment is not adequate to remove the bad taste. To be artistic, such a subject should be treated poetically or with extreme realism. The character-drawing is sketchy, aiming at realism without attaining it. The omission of the quotations at the head of the chapters would remove some of the amateurish effect.

C. S.

* "The Test." By MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Have nations a conscience? Herbert Spencer somewhere puts the question. But he does not answer it. In fact, it is a mooted question in psychology, with the trend of opinion Dr. Emmet's inclining toward the negative. *Indictment* Certainly, with the experience of of England, such countries as Poland, Ireland, the Boer republics, and others to guide us, we can take but a gloomy view of "national conscience" as a determining factor in history, past and present. The problem naturally recurs to one's mind when reading Dr. T. A. Emmet's "Ireland Under English Rule," * an "indictment" he calls it, and in very truth it is. In his Preface he says he has no quarrel with the individual Englishman, having found him through life quite a passable fellow. His issue is with the English government, "a unique political organization well fitted for the oppression of the whole human race, with the exception of the English people themselves; with a settled policy, since the Norman conquest, which has remained unchanged in the quest of gain and new territory." And his motto might be the quatrain (p. 13):

"We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
We hate the Norman men—
We cursed their greed for blood and gain,
We curse them now again."

It is a record of the unrelieved selfishness with which the Irish people "have been, for the past six hundred years, treated by the English as an inferior, despised, and conquered race." The author adopted the method of making others tell his story, on the plea of thus enforcing credence from among those prejudiced against the Irish cause. For this purpose he quotes at length from the writings of a great many historians, preferably English ones, and from official reports. This method undeniably strengthens his case very much, and so far it admirably suits his chief purpose. But it has one great disadvantage: it robs his narrative of its continuity and unity, and gives it a disjointed character. However, if ever a writer made good his claims, Dr. Emmet (himself, we think, the direct descendant of one of Erin's most famous martyrs) is he.

In refutation of widespread errors Dr. Emmet gives facts and figures to prove that the Irish have uniformly been a religiously tolerant race. Wesley and Fox testified to

* "Ireland Under English Rule." By THOMAS ADDIS EMMET. In two volumes. Putnam. \$5.00.

that, and in a speech at Dublin, 1871, Rabbi Adler said it was the only country where the Jews had never been persecuted. He proves that "crimelessness" is far more pronounced in Ireland than in either England or Scotland, and that the great majority of the Irish revolutionary leaders were Protestants of English stock.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

A very delightful and invigorating romance is "Marsau."* The story-teller is, from the start, wonderfully sure and what the Germans call, "sattelfest." He is up and away and carrying you with him from the first word, and he holds you with a masterful grip to the last. If you have any doubts, the second chapter gives you this:

"With a cry of rage he sprang towards the hall to summon aid, while with one bound I was at the other door and felt with joy that it yielded to my touch. As I slammed it shut behind me I saw that it had a bolt on the inner side, and shot it into place just as those without threw themselves against it." Of course the hero finds that he has locked himself into the den of his deadliest foe and you realize with joy that this is the Real Thing.

The hero is a young man of superb temperament. He loves and fights with such joyous abandon that he has the reader's breathless sympathy even when he kills, which he does convincingly and thoroughly when it is necessary. He is direct, simple, spirited, and, above all, buoyantly young. The villain is villainous in a sombre, strong, and "magerful" way dear to romances, and Mademoiselle is all that Mademoiselle should be.

The second story deals with the dreadful perversions of humanity who inhabited underground caverns of old Paris. It is hardly so good a story as the first, but is also vividly told.

Stanley Weymanish, of course, the stories are. But they are fresh, romantic tales, full of life and love. The heroes fall in love with their ladies at the top of the first page and fight for them with joy to the end of the last. *Ce sont des cadets de Gascogne.*

The stories are dedicated to the spirit of youth, and the spirit of youth welcomes them. The illustrations by Anna Whelen Betts are good.

GRACE E. MARTIN.

* "Cadets of Gascony." Two Stories of Old France. By BURTON E. STEVENSON. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

Certain of the damper and more disconsolate phases of modern English fiction have laid their spell on that very competent writer, Baroness Von Hutten, and under it she has written "Violett," * which does not seem, in its central idea, to be a perfectly original or sincere story. It is the study of a sensitive boy, who is afflicted with that musical "genius" so A Novel that is common in novels, and whose neither Orig- father, a lighthouse-keeper, was inal nor Sincere-hanged for murder. The sins of the child; and the boy, not being able to the father are most specifically visited upon issue from the shadow of the crime, is obliged to sacrifice, successively, everything in life until his disasters finally culminate in his heroic death. It is not, however, with the choice of a theme, but with the working out of Violett's character that one is disposed to find fault. There are parts of the narrative that affect one as so exquisitely true that it is proportionately distressing to come upon refinements of psychology that seem fantastically false. Nothing so fails of its appeal as an over-elaborated character. The boy has, for instance, that not extraordinary type of musical sensibility that associates color with tone, and this point, as well as his perpetual concern as to the "eternal harmony," is over-exploited throughout the book, as though the writer's sense of emphasis were somewhat false.

On the other hand, there are characters and passages, lower and less strained in pitch, which are wonderfully good. There is great perception of truth in the author's picture of the Baynes family,—that delightful and pathetic group of illiterate theatrical folk who show at their best the author's humor and knowledge of humanity. That is an admirable scene where Violett, under the pressure of his love for Minnie Bayne, comes to the wretched lodgings in London and finds Bayne, dying, tended by his wife, the comfortable "Señora," in yellow satin:

"Poor old chap, you're breaking up fast, ain't you?" she asked, with a mild curiosity.

Not many contemporary writers have as sure and telling a style. But it is impossible to believe that the exaggerated and the oversentimental represent the Baroness Von Hutten's natural or most successful line of effort. Therefore this book is less valuable as an achievement than as an indication.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

* "Violett." By Baroness Von HUTTEN. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

To give in facsimile all published knowledge of Christopher Columbus available at the beginning of the sixteenth century, A Monu- and to add to that all that has mental Work, since come to light concerning him, is the object of this book.* To do this required a prodigious amount of research, and neither time, trouble, nor patience has been spared in getting together such varied information regarding Columbus as will be of interest to all students of the discoverer.

The first volume contains an essay on Peter Martyr, with a description of his works, reproductions, in facsimile and translation, of his letters describing the discoveries of Columbus. There is also an essay on Las Casas, the accounts of the first Genoese biographers in Latin and English, a chapter on the Polyglot Psalter with title-page and two pages containing the beginning of the note on Columbus reproduced in facsimile. The life of Columbus is minutely dealt with in this volume, and his "Journal," printed from the text of Navarrete with corrections and additions found in the "Historia" of Las Casas. Volume II. is devoted to the "Announcement of the discoveries" and "Exploration of the Islands," together with contemporaneous narratives in facsimile, and the folio letter to Santangel. Volume III. begins with a classification of types in the forty portraits of Columbus here given, and reproductions in facsimile of all his known writing. It also contains a chapter on Ferdinand Columbus and his library of 15,370 books and MSS., and a detailed account of the burial place—or places—of Columbus, his will, and his genealogy.

Besides this there are memoirs of contemporaries linked in one way or another with Columbus's life, and innumerable maps, charts, title-pages in facsimile, and full-page illustrations in color of coats-of-arms of Columbus and the present Duke of Veragua. Many of the books reproduced in facsimile are here published for the first time, and although it is almost impossible to apply the word "complete" to a work of this kind in these days of constant research and discovery, the author has succeeded in giving a most satisfactory presentation of the discoverer, his life, and his discoveries as they appeared to his contemporaries, as well as in later times.

The book has been handsomely treated by

* "Christopher Columbus. His Life, His Work, His Re-mains, as Revealed by Original Printed and Manuscript Records, together with an Essay on Peter Martyr of Anghera, and Bartolomé de las Casas, the First Historians of America." By JOHN BOYD THACHER. 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$27.00 net.

its publishers as to typography, binding, and illustrations.

C. H.

Susannah is a charming girl who develops swiftly into a more charming woman. She begins by an innocent stealing of mushrooms and ends by an equally innocent stealing of hearts. Self-sacrifice for a sister's sake brings her a rich reward in which both love and lucre blend. There are strange likenesses between this story * and its contemporary, "Anna, the Adventuress," though this is by a woman and the other by a man. In both we have the *Susannah* motive of a sister's love for a *and Two* sister, the good sister shielding the *Others*. In both the good Eve falls in love with a man whom the bad Lillith asserts had been everything to her; in both Lillith dies; in both Eve believes and turns with horror from the man; in both Lillith has the excuse of a husband, likable but priggish; in both all ends well. For this end, thanks. The candid novel-reader does not approve of candied bitterness. In Susannah's story there are clouds and there are storms, but there is no fog and there is sunshine. The good heroine is too blankly white, the bad one too blackly black. In real life, we find gray predominates in our friends, white splashed with ink, black spotted with snow. Nevertheless, Susannah and the one, and also the others, are real folk, livable folk, believable folk. The "one" man, Adrian Thrale, stumbles sometimes, but still climbs. The minor characters also have good red blood. Adrian's aunt is a sublimated feminine incarnation of that elderly man whom Thackeray yearned to have and to cherish as a childless uncle. Thackeray's potential uncle is described as "bow-windowed." Adrian Thrale's imagined aunt is otherwise misshapen. She writes him: "I am anxious to meet your betrothed wife. I hope my hunched shoulders won't prejudice her against me. Tell her I have no hump on my heart." However, up to that time Adrian had no betrothed wife. And even later, when "Adrian laughed and stooping kissed her on the lips in a fierce sort of way, then on the eyes and again on the lips," he was not betrothed to her. Susannah's mother, a gentle woman who plays the races, says of her daughter to the somewhat sinful sister: "She is a sort of Sunday-school young person, who exudes tracts; she is astonishingly like your father's mother, who was a kind of Methodist preacher in petticoats." It is a bold wooer

who fiercely kisses a preacher in petticoats, exuding tracts, when there has been no plighting of troth between them.

The wise among us, who have learned that every man is an *Antaeus*, refreshed by the touch of Mother Earth, will enjoy the short sketches of scenery, of sunshine and shadow. There is a sunrise worthy of Black at his best. Altogether "Susannah and One Other" is a book to read; it is also actually a book to buy.

M. M. MASON.

To any one with a knowledge of or interest in English politics this book* will be most heartily welcome. For thirty years Lord Acton, who has been called the most learned man of our times, was the friend and adviser of the *A Learned Man's Letters*. most famous English statesman of the same period, and these letters, written to that statesman's daughter and private secretary, teem with allusions to famous people, and with political and historical sidelights. His estimate of John Morley, who "has so many points of antagonism to Mr. Gladstone that I am afraid," is particularly interesting in view of the fact of Morley's becoming the biographer of Gladstone. His foreshadowing of posterity's opinion of Gladstone is one of the finest passages in the book, and in his own love of truth, justice, and right for right's sake, we see the reason for his absolute faith in and devotion to the great Prime Minister. Apart from the characterizations of political leaders in this book, there are criticisms and estimates of many other notable personages of the time, foreign as well as English, for Lord Acton, born in Italy of an English father and German mother, educated in Munich and married to a Bavarian, was cosmopolitan in the strictest sense of the term. In his youth he visited the United States, and watched the struggle between North and South with deepest interest, and later on was an admirer of James Russell Lowell.

His opinions of Macaulay, Carlyle, George Eliot, and others, and the criticism of "John Inglesant," bring the book within the range of many who care nothing for politics, and when the writer's great reputation is added to the many-sided interest of the letters, the advisability of publishing them will not be doubted. That they make delightful reading need not be doubted either.

C. H.

*"Susannah and One Other." By E. MARIA ALBANESE. McClure, Phillips, & Co.

* "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone." Edited, with an introductory memoir, by HERBERT PAUL. Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Written by a close friend and companion of the late Empress Elisabeth of Austria, a Frenchwoman, this book * bears all the earmarks, good and bad, of a personal tribute. It is never free from strong bias, and this, of course, is equivalent to saying that the portrait we get of Francis Joseph, the man, ruler, soldier, while full of glowing tints and interesting because of the fine hair-strokes of detail, is far from being an exact likeness. Similarly, the book is not—and does not pre-

A Book Written from Behind the Scenes.

* "A Keystone of Empire; Francis Joseph of Austria." By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Illustrated. Harper. \$2.25.

tend to be—what has not yet been given to the world, a faithful biography of the Austrian monarch. But in its own way it is something as good, yea, perhaps more readable, namely, a gossipy recital of what the author had heard at the Vienna court of a number of the more prominent events in the long life of Francis Joseph, embellished in the telling by courtiers' lips, as well as more or less trivial but characteristic anecdotes about him and his family. It is, in other words, court air we breathe in this book, with its disregard of plain truth and of the humdrum facts of a workaday world.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART

Dow—The American Renaissance. By Joy Wheeler Dow. William T. Comstock. \$4.00.

If excellent illustrations, rather than reading matter, will best impress the public with a sense of the architectural faults and merits of their dwellings, this work is a success. The ninety-six half-tone plates in the volume have been happily chosen to show wherein the American residence is an object of interest and satisfaction, and wherein an eyesore. The text is an entertaining though wandering, and "chatty" exposition of how the early national school, the period which produced such masterpieces, in their way, as the towns of Annapolis and Mount Vernon, the "Reign of Terror" about 1870, the conceits of rich landowners, the crowding of New York, and the mental condition of the nation have led to the adoption and formation of modern architectural style, or, as the author calls it, the "American Renaissance."

Lübke—Outlines of the History of Art. By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. Edited by Russell Sturgis. Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols. \$10.00.

The viewpoint of a German author, and the imprint of the first publication in 1860, still remain with this study of the History of Art, despite a later edition in 1891, and a present translation, revision, and enlargement by Russell Sturgis. Partly a text-book, partly a book of reference, the work deals with Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting, from the stone monuments of Cornwall, through the Art of Egypt, Asia East and West, Greece, Rome, the Mediæval and Mohammedan periods, the Renaissance, and the Nineteenth Century, to the last portrait by James McNeill Whistler; a large contract even for two volumes. Stress is laid on the effect of sociological conditions on the various forms,

most especially that of Architecture. The criticisms are up to date but not original, the matter comprehensive but not new; the work being rather a compiling of established ideas, than an exposition of recent theories. The illustrations, necessarily important, are well-known wood and line cuts, interspersed with occasional half-tones.

FICTION

Farquhar—An Evans of Suffolk. By Anna Farquhar. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

"An Evans of Suffolk" is an interesting story, written in vivid, magnetic style, and unfolding an ingenious plot. There are coincidences in far too great number for even this little world of chance. The "will to believe" is strained in the effort to accept the statements that, all unknown to anybody, Harriet's father has had an early disgraceful connection with her husband's family; that her mother had been the best friend of her husband's mother; that her husband's best friend had known her under another name in Paris; and finally, that the anarchist who drew as his victim the name of Gorden Fuller, her husband, was her own father. But we cannot quarrel with these happenings. We have no quarrel with an author who has a clear, witty style, a gift for rapid and pictorial character-drawing, and an excellent story to tell.

Gale—The Vanguard. A Tale of Korea. By James S. Gale. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.

This capital story of lowly life in the land which is the modern Belgium and the old cock-pit of eastern Asia is in quality far above the average of missionary fiction. The author, well known as a scholar and translator, has lived long among the white-coats and knows well the human nature inside of the universal cotton garment of Korea. Although the core of the work is autobiography and a narrative of results, rather than a subtle organ-

ism, according to the canons of high literary art, yet we have here some vigorous delineations of the Korean man and woman in great variety. Without awarding Mr. Gale the rank of a skilled novelist, we vote this a lively story. A great many windows into the life of a quaint but very human people are opened by one who has kept perceptions and abiding sympathy with a race at once degenerate and retarded.

Hemstreet—Flower of the Fort. By Charles Hemstreet. James Pott & Co. \$1.25.

The title-page of this little book, "Flower of the Fort," by Charles Hemstreet, author of "Nooks and Corners of Old New York," arouses hopes which are doomed to disappointment. One expects that some of the atmosphere of the "Nooks and Corners" or of "Literary New York" would drift into the fort; but the only atmosphere is that of the place where every one writes for money and the inscription over the gate is, "All dramatic rights reserved." It might equally well be old London or old Virginia, or old Buda Pesth (with the substitution of the Hungarian for 't was).

There are some minds, it is claimed, that can follow the workings of historical stories as they are wrote. There are many to whom this is a constitutional impossibility, and for this weak majority there is provided on the first page a synopsis of the story, so that they may not by any unforeseen contingency be forced to think while they read. There is an abundance of incident, and the "Flower of the Fort" is not only a flower, but a woman of masterly intellect who understands the plot with rare insight, and guides the hero gently but firmly throughout, as the true American woman apparently did even in "Old New York."

I : in Which a Woman tells the Truth about Herself. Appleton. \$1.50.

The truth that is told here is not the kind that is stranger than fiction, but is of fiction's own ilk. To say this does not derogate from its worth, for if a tale has no truth as fiction it has small value as truth. We are relieved that it is not another "confession" by a morbid wife. Instead, the book traces the growth of a frank but "coldly amorous" egotist, from girlhood and an unromantic marriage, through an entanglement with a railroad magnate whose favor she courts for her husband's professional success. A young and unselfish doctor saves her and, on the death of her husband, inspires her first real love.

The story is told with directness, good analysis, and consistency, as well as intensity in the drawing of character and situations. It lays emotion a little bare in places, and suggests that truth, even in a tale, is not the worse for embellishment.

McCants—in the Red Hills. By Elliott Crayton McCants. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

A story of the Carolina country, full of "local color" and touches of real life, and on the whole readable, if perhaps more interesting to one who knows the country. The style is

sketchy and descriptive, with some humorous appreciation of the negro; the Southern girl is portrayed in her glory. As a novel the constructive side is not very strong.

Shackelford—The Lost King. By Henry Shackelford. Brentano's. \$1.50.

"The Lost King" is a story of the unhappy boy who was the son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. As there are probably twenty theories as to the fate of the Dauphin, and we are likely to have twenty novels on each theory, an exhaustive analysis of every novel would be reckless expenditure of enthusiasm. The writer of this one cites a formidable list of authorities, but we look in vain for the names of Charles Dickens and Alexander Dumas, to both of which geniuses he is apparently much indebted for his form and manner. Citizen Bonaparte is one of the characters. He seems to have been a debonair and facetious young man. The story is not uninteresting, but it is not half interesting enough to excuse its having been written. The subject is exhausted.

Stevens—The Sign of Triumph. By Sheppard Stevens. Page. \$1.50.

A Romance of the Children's Crusade. The setting is that early France which attracted Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. Her "little duke" and his stalwart Oswald are echoed here in Raoul of Dreux, a child crusader, and Noel, his self-appointed guardian and timely kidnapper from fanatic peril. The sentiment of the early writer has rather given place to sentimentality; there is an abundance of the sort of incident which one has reason to expect.

Tokutomi—Nami-Ko. By Kenjirō Tokutomi. H. B. Turner & Co. \$1.50.

If, as the introduction states, this be "one of the most popular novels in modern Japanese literature," this must be because of its explicit treatment of the divorce and mother-in-law systems in Japan. The book is very little more than a tract dealing with these evils, and neither this, nor the fact that a war is in progress, can make it readable as a novel. The dialogue is stupid, the character-drawing crude. "Nami-Ko" must be accepted as a budget of information, rather than as a work of art. The translators, Sakae Shioya and E. F. Edgett, explain that they have freely rendered the original.

Wolff—Tannhäuser, A Metrical Romance. Translated from the German of Julius Wolff by Charles E. Kendall. Badger. \$3.00.

We have not before us the German original of this cumbersome and tasteless work in two volumes,—whose theme is the "everlasting" one, of the error-led Tannhäuser. But here, we should say, is indeed matter to cause Herr Wolff to tear his hair in outraged despair! Take for example, at random:

"By this the stars were brightly twinkling,
In thickets sang the nightingale;
Tannhäuser half asleep was thinking
On Wolfram's poem of Parcifal."

From the above inking (or inking, *ad lib.*) may the reader judge of Mr. Kendall's capacity, whether as translator, or as poet on his own account.

HISTORY

Bateson—Mediæval England. By Mary Bateson. Putnam. \$1.50.

A volume in the "Story of the Nations" series. Miss Bateson has taken perhaps the most fascinating of the many points of view possible to the historian, and has given the social rather than the political story of her period. Yet it is precisely this kind of history of which there is most need and which ought to be most warmly welcomed. An extraordinary amount of ground is covered in this compact volume, including chapters on the nobility, the burgesses, the farmers, the monasteries; and the narrative is freshly and directly told, and filled with aptly illustrative episodes. Miss Bateson divides feudalism into three distinct periods, and the time covered is from 1066 to 1350.

Maurice and Cooper—The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature. By Arthur B. Maurice and Frederic T. Cooper. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.

This comely volume is an amusing supplement to the history of the period, and edifying withal; for caricature has had not a little to do with the making of history in these latter days,—to which, indeed, it belongs, being of comparatively recent growth,—and it furnishes many very striking sidelights to illuminate the printed record. The present work is excellent both in text and illustrations, the latter being facsimiles of the original caricatures, while the former supplies all the information requisite for understanding and enjoying them. The material is arranged under four heads: "The Napoleonic Era," "From Waterloo through the Crimean War," "The Civil and Franco-Prussian Wars," and the "End of the Century." Introductory chapters trace the history of political caricature from the days of Hogarth and Gillray to our own, and a sketch of the evolution of American caricature prefaces Part IV.

Sanborn—New Hampshire. By Frank B. Sanborn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.

A noteworthy addition to the series of "American Commonwealths." Mr. Sanborn is always interesting, even when one may disagree with him, as not a few readers doubtless will with portions of his estimate of Daniel Webster. The purely historical portions of the book could hardly be bettered in respect to the careful research they show, and the skill and taste with which the results are presented.

Scott—The History of the Moorish Empire in Europe. By Samuel Parsons Scott. 3 vols. Lippincott. \$10.00.

Beginning 2500 B.C. and finishing only in the early years of the seventeenth century, a

minute and exhaustive history of the Moors is given in these three bulky volumes. The work has engaged the author's attention for twenty years, and while consulting numerous other authorities, he has relied chiefly on the histories of the learned Orientalist, Prof. R. Dozy of the University of Leyden. As a result it would seem that no detail concerning the Moors, or even remotely touching their history and development, has been forgotten, and much of this information is decidedly interesting; but the book is marred by an ultra-oriental redundancy of style, by repetitions of extravagantly worded accounts of the splendor and beauty of Moorish edifices in Spain and elsewhere, and by contradictory statements, as when, for instance, we are told, on page 396, Vol. II., that King Jaime "introduced the Inquisition into Spain," and on page 537 that "The Inquisition had not yet raised its bloody and menacing hand; . . . the glory of its establishment was reserved for the pious Isabella." In spite of the years of labor given to its preparation, the book produces the effect of hurriedness. Words and facts jostle each other, as if both were eager to be the first to dash across the Pyrenees to Fez or to Sicily, to be in at the birth of the Emperor Frederick II., the persecutions of the Jews or the Albigenses, and have their say about the character of the Popes and the debased condition of the Greeks. Either the history of the Moors is too full to be contained in three volumes, or it should have been so condensed as to suggest more of the dignity of the wonderful people whose exploits and extraordinary achievements are so very vividly recounted by Mr. Scott.

OUT-OF-DOOR BOOKS

Comstock—How to Know the Butterflies. By John Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.25 net.

The host of unlearned but enthusiastic butterfly lovers ought to rise up and call Professor Comstock blessed. While trees and flowers and birds have been abundantly "popularized," the study of insects has been more or less securely hedged by the technical character of most entomologies. It is easy to imagine no small reluctance in a man of Professor Comstock's standing as an entomologist at the idea of making his subject easy for people who take up as a recreation that which to him is the work of a lifetime. Needless to say, this is a thoroughly scientific book on butterflies; it is also very agreeable reading, and the color plates by Professor and Mrs. Slingerland should make the identification of butterflies easy to the most languid amateur intelligence.

Crawford—Typo-Culturists. By Mary Euphemia Crawford. Broadway Publishing Co. 75 cts.

Its title is the only really alarming feature of this little book, which is in the form of a dialogue designed to reveal the advantages, as the author expresses it, of "living in harmony with nature's simple ways." There is nothing

new or original in the argument, but doubtless the plea for simple living may well bear repetition.

Henry—An Island Cabin. The House in the Woods. By Arthur Henry. Barnes. \$1.50 each.

"An Island Cabin" describes a summer spent by three uninteresting people on an unclaimed island; they lived on \$2 a week and had the delights of sea and sky for the soul, and for the body the doubtful comforts of cockroaches, ants, poison-ivy, and damp beds. The "I" in the book has a genuine love for the salt water and the simple life, but he is all-important to a wearing degree; he spent in fishing and lobster-trapping the little time he could spare from self-satisfied moralizing and lecturing the long-suffering "Nancy." But he took himself very seriously, and so, evidently, did "Nancy."

"Nancy joined me, her face hard set with a purpose.

"I have something to say," she said.

"What is it?"

"Do you know what is troubling me most? You are doing nothing. For two months you have not written."

It is a pity that Nancy felt unhappy about this, for the rest of us would n't have minded it—no, not one little bit.

Mother Nature is having rather a hard time of it nowadays. In "The House in the Woods" is described a cumbersome attempt at building a house and making a farm in the heart of the Catskills, with details in dollars and cents which may possibly be useful to any one minded to follow in the author's train; we should think no one would. The house was so situated that water drained into the cellar; the cellar itself was dug after the chimney was built. The prospect of rising at four throughout the winter to milk the cows is not altogether alluring. At the end of the book, Nancy is thoroughly tired, the author admits that he is tired, and the reader is tired also. It is a little better than the "Island Cabin"; and in the first chapter there is an unmistakable breath of mountain air. The hero is evidently too exhausted with his efforts at housebuilding to moralize and harangue "Nancy" so constantly; unfortunately he is not too tired to write.

Hoffman—A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York. By Ralph Hoffman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50 net.

The restricted area covered by this book, the clear and intelligible arrangement of keys for the different months, where, according to color, are classified the birds likely to be seen at that time, make this one of the best of bird books for a beginner in the study. The bird-notes and songs are given in English syllables—as far as possible; there are descriptions of nests and habits of the various birds, numerous cuts, and several full-page drawings by Mr. Fuertes. The book is a clear, careful, scholarly piece of work especially adapted to the helpless efforts of the beginner in bird-study.

McFarland—Getting Acquainted with the Trees. By J. Horace McFarland. The Outlook Co. \$1.75.

A chatty, fairly pleasing, mildly informing book, written professedly from the amateur's standpoint—in fact, the Common Speckled Alder, *Alnus incana*, obvious and unashamed, fronts us in a photograph which is described below as the "Sweet Birch in Early Spring." But the author's photographs of trees, their flowers and fruits, are excellent ones, and this is the only case we notice wherein the label has strayed. If, however, the reader really wishes to "get acquainted with the trees" we should advise him to gird up the loins of his intellect and take unto himself Prof. Sargent's "Silva of North America"; or if his tree love pales, and his pocketbook groans aloud at the thought of the three hundred dollars, then let him go to the woods and take with him Miss Keeler's "Native Trees and How to Identify Them"—a thoroughly level-headed and competent book.

Mathews—Field Book of Wild Birds and their Music. By F. Schuyler Mathews. Putnam. \$2.00 net.

No bird-lover can take up this book of Mr. Mathews without an immediate impulse to have and to hold, for it is a wholly charming little production, with its colored plates of all the songsters, and its accounts of their melodies with even the scores written out for them. How Mr. Mathews ever contrived to get the notation so accurately is a mystery indeed, but it is wonderfully well done. Very ingenious, too, is his tracing of bird-motives in the music of Wagner, Beethoven, Verdi—in fact, according to Mr. Mathews, there are few composers that the Thrushes, Bob-Whites, Song-Sparrows, and their charming fellows might not sue for plagiarism. The book is an irresistible one to the bird-lover and may well charm the savage breast of him who is not.

Skinner—Little Gardens. By Charles M. Skinner. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

This book should not be taken seriously as garden-literature; it is also rather wearisome reading, the more so for its professedly sportive air. Some of the plans seem practicable: as for others—well, here is one: "From the rear of the house, the path wobbles uncertainly across the grass and is lost in bushes at the back fence; it is dotted at the curves by shrubs (Rhododendrons and Hydrangeas for small-growing ones) in an attempt to disguise so well-known a distance as the length of a back yard"; this is certainly pathetic. In another, there is the astonishing suggestion to terrace the sides of the yard up to the fences so that the flowers may range themselves as upon pantry shelves and he who walks in the garden can neither see them nor get at them comfortably.

The Hayfield Mower and Scythe of Progress. By the Mower Man. Boston, Mass. P. O. Box 1765. \$1.25.

This book is meant to be full of wise saws and

homespun wisdom, but the author simply makes easy generalities and rings the changes on a few trite commonplaces as if he were stating new and startling truths. There is no objection to his believing that there are Pharisees in the churches; that "society" is composed chiefly of vapid, empty-headed snobs; that money has undue legislative influence; that people are woefully ignorant of scientific methods of bringing up children; that it is inexpedient for physical wrecks to marry and present to the world large families; but the statement of these familiar themes with their variations covers one hundred and seventy-four pages of nice, clean paper; besides, it is n't all true: women in society are not always fools, neither are all wealthy men knaves, nor is physical health the one desideratum in marriage.

MISCELLANEOUS

Harper—The Code of Hammurabi. Edited by Robert Francis Harper. University of Chicago Press. \$4.00.

Professor Harper edits the Assyrian text of the Stele discovered on the acropolis of Susa in 1902. Five columns of the laws are missing, but those we have serve to afford a most interesting example of very early legislation. An English translation of these statutes is given. They are remarkably free from superstition, magic, and ceremonialism. Any efforts to establish an actual connection between them and the Decalogue of the twentieth chapter of the book Exodus will be nothing more than doctrinaire or a *tour de force*. Assyrian students will find this work admirably useful as a text-book. Professor Harper has done careful and accurate work, especially in the way of indexes and glossaries. The ethical and purely legal aspect of this code will interest a still wider circle of general readers.

Santos-Dumont—My Air-Ships. By A. Santos-Dumont. Century Co. \$1.40.

In this profusely illustrated book M. Santos-Dumont gives a full narrative of his dreams and theories, from boyhood, of aerial ascension and navigation, of his experiments, experiences, some of them rather thrilling, and finally, of the principles and the materials which he has used in the construction of his balloons and air-ships. His style, in the English, is vivacious and full of enthusiasm.

Wagner—By the Fireside. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00.

Pastor Wagner's writings are perhaps known to many of our readers, and recognized as valuable on account of their freshness of thought, firm convictions, and good sense. This work on family life and its ethics and ideals is no exception. Especially is it useful for the French, whose family life falls far short of realization. Rich Americans also

are in danger of getting into bad ways, and of having no home because they own too many "places." The book may supply a "felt want" here in the United States.

PSYCHOLOGY

Hudson—The Evolution of the Soul and other Essays. By Thomas Jay Hudson. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch. McClurg. \$1.20.

These essays are extremely interesting though at times mystical. The late Dr. Hudson's criticism of Christian Science is especially able and temperate. When dealing with the Bible he is not so happy, for his method is uncritical and at times a little fanciful. His investigations into psychic phenomena, such as spiritualism, hypnotism, and telepathy, are valuable. We beg to commend the essay on "Science and the Future Life."

Meredith—Heart of my Heart. By Ellis Meredithe. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25 net.

The paper, print, and cover of this little book invite, and would do so among a hundred books. It is the print of "Myra of the Pines." Enough said.

"Heart of my Heart" is the story of a not young woman's thoughts before the birth of her first child, a woman who "loves intensely, detests utterly, enjoys ravenously, and suffers as martyrs, Christian or pagan, have seldom suffered on this earth." It is a woman with that rare double nature, intellectual and emotional, manly and womanly, who is capable of highest heaven or deepest hell, dependent on the man she marries. In this woman's case, her husband is her counterpart, and the song she sings is one of purest content and most unselfish solicitation, the feeling of the mother-to-be, whose emotion is not mere animal instinct, but intellectual appreciation of the approach of a woman's crowning honor. An unusual book, well written.

RELIGION

Griffis—Sunny Memories of Three Pastorates, with a Selection of Sermons and Essays. By William Elliot Griffis, D. D. Ithaca: Andrews & Church. \$1.25.

The Rev. Dr. Griffis offers this as a souvenir volume to former beloved parishioners. A greater part of the book is taken up with his sermons to his several congregations. They are introduced by short biographical, historical, and descriptive prefaces. A genial temper pervades them all.

SOCIOLOGY

Wells—Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells. Scribner. \$1.50.

Mr. Wells has given us many curious stories erected upon scientific theories. Now he drops the mask of fiction and frankly plays with sociological data. The result is interesting.

TRAVEL

Burne-Jones—Dollars and Democracy. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones. Appleton. \$1.25.

There is nothing wicked in Philip Burne-Jones. He pats us on the back and is generally magnanimous. Nevertheless we do not find his impressions impressive. They signify nothing beyond small talk,—lazy and good-natured.

Landor—Gems of the East. By A. H. Savage Landor. Harper. \$4.00.

Here is another of those books of "research travel," which the artist-author-photographer has turned out in the combined interests of literature and anthropology. We have read every one of his works and find their striking characteristics much alike. On the swiftest vehicle, and equipped with the concentrated energies of civilization, but usually unarmed, Mr. Landor leaves London and makes his way into some land that is "forbidden," or "coveted," or in the debate of politics or war, and gets close to the "hairy Aino" or the partisans of the Tibetan *ll ma*, or the Boxers, or the Malays, or the Negritos of the Philippines. With an artist's eye for the picturesque and the keenest sensitiveness to natural beauty, withal with hearty appreciation of man in the making—even to a head-hunter, when not in business hours—he soothes the savage breast with wonderful skill and fills his native's noddle with the philosophy of fraternity. Laying aside their spears and chopping-knives, the owners of heads, woolly or straight-haired, but still thinking, permit him to pull out his calipers and measure the length and angles of their noses, eyes, limbs, and general *contour*, forbearing to use on them their weapons, or to remove his head for their museum. In fact, Mr. Landor's affection for the dear and delightful savages is so great that his extreme of enjoyment clasps most neatly in a book with his aversion to the "hired converters" and good people bent on encouraging the use of soap, water, morals, aspirations, and the general destruction of parasites. Mr. Landor's ways and temper are well known in the missionary world, and one need not take the statements of his views and opinions too seriously. In fact, if one looks over his row of books—and we have read every one of them—he will find a number of statements soberly made or vehemently asseverated as history and fact, which contradict utterly what is now known to have taken place. Nevertheless, when Mr. Landor gives us his observations and measurements and the facts of science, as he does abundantly in this book, he is entitled to the gratitude of the reader, of the man of science, and of the statesman. We are probably not erring very far when we imagine that the average American is about as ignorant of the details of humanity in the Philippines as he is of the chemical composition of jade. But this book, if it does nothing else, will give one a clear idea of the amazing variety of humanity and of the many

grades of civilization in this deposit and preserve of insular and rudimentary human nature.

Pickard—In Whittier Land. By Samuel T. Pickard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

This attractive little book is, in the main, a guide to the Merrimac Valley in Eastern Massachusetts, which is eminently "Whittier Land," and will be welcome to the crowds of tourists who visit it every year. It contains also an interesting chapter on "Humor in Whittier," which forms a good supplement to Mr. Pickard's biography of the poet. The unpublished poems that are added might well have been left to the oblivion to which their author had consigned them.

Shand—Old Time Travel. By Alexander I. Shand. \$3.50.

These reminiscences of Continental travel forty years ago compared with experiences of the present day will be welcome to those who went over the same ground at the same time (as the writer of this brief notice did, and can testify to the accuracy of the recollections) as well as to those who make the tour nowadays. Many things have greatly changed in the interim, and not always for the better—or at least for the real enjoyment of the traveller. The book is extremely entertaining and admirably illustrated.

Singleton—Japan: As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60.

The combination of the accurate and the interesting is not too frequent, but in this volume the compiler has brought together what is charming and what is, in general, near the truth. The "famous" or "great" writers on Japan seem, with a single exception, to be wholly foreign, for the books drawn upon are almost all by British and Continental writers, except Lafcadio Hearn, whose sketches of Fuji-san and Enoshima are here reprinted. Though advertised to answer "more questions about Japan than any other book yet published," this volume has no index. It seems a pity that the hideous and misleading French transliteration of Japanese names, by the Swiss envoy Humbert, was not modernized and corrected, and it would have been well for author or publisher to have got a scholar or one familiar with the country to revise the explanatory or descriptive lines under the photographic reproductions, these being in several instances incorrect. However, apart from these defects, the selection of matter is made with taste and skill.

Wallace—The City of the King. By Mrs. Lew Wallace. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.00.

This little book of sketches of a traveller has a charm all its own, for while it treats of places in the land forever holy, the chapters are so many idylls glorified by a reverent imagination. Poetry and legend enhance their charm, and the illustrations from photographs help to make the pen-pictures more realistic.

(For list of books received see pages following.)

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